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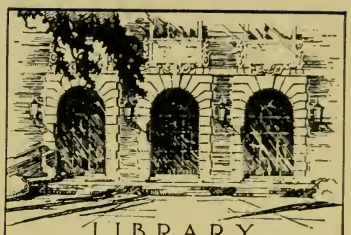

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THE

MAN WITHOUT A PROFESSION.

VOL. II.

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THE MAN

WITHOUT A PROFESSION.

BY

CHARLES ROWCROFT,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

MAN WITHOUT A PROFESSION.

CHAPTER I.

"And here a new scene opens; and the tale
Which erst did treat of childhood's hopes and fears,
Of fortune's changes, and of unthought griefs
Bending, not breaking, youth's elastic heart,
Now tells of manhood's acts."

CHORUS OF OLD PLAY.

"AND is it really true," said Lady Carlton to Sir Mathew, "that this poor young man is left without a shilling? And only think of old Mr. Coverley keeping the secret so close all his lifetime! Well, I always suspected something, though I couldn't tell what. And you have taken so much trouble about the

funeral! Lord! I hope the undertakers cannot come upon you for the money!"

"I can't very well understand it all," replied Sir Mathew; "but Hartwell says that the poor young fellow has not got a penny-piece. The execution swallows up all: furniture, plate, wines, (by the bye, some of that wine must be worth buying,) carriages, horses, and everything. I suppose they will all be sold by auction. One may pick up something cheap that way."

"Good gracious! It's very shocking! And I pity poor Frank Coverley, really; and brought up too as he has been! To be sure the Coverleys never could be said to be exactly friends of ours, only acquaintances."

"If you please, my lady," inquired her maid, opening the door, "Martha wishes to know if the pink furniture is to be put up in Miss Louisa's room—the room that your la'ship ordered to be prepared for Mr. Coverley?"

"Oh, it's no matter. Tell Martha not to do

anything about it till I see her. It's very awkward that we asked young Mr. Coverley to stay here," continued the lady, when the servant had retired; "because, of course, now ——"

"You need not fret yourself about that," interrupted the Baronet; "for you may depend upon it young Coverley—he's as proud as Lucifer—will not come here without a fresh invitation."

"Then, of course, you will take care not to give it; and I will manage so that the girls shall not walk out that way. Louisa is so young, that it would be awkward to explain things to her; better let the acquaintance drop off naturally. And after all, poor fellow, it would be very painful for him to come here in his changed circumstances, so that it's a kindness to keep him away." And with this sort of moral salve to her selfishness, the wary mother of daughters, with much self-satisfaction, resumed her study of the latest Parisian fashions.

It was a few days after these events, when

Mr. Lesley and Frank were sitting at breakfast, that the worthy pastor's only servant announced a visitor, and Colonel Yelloley walked in without ceremony.

"Well, Parson, how do you get on? And where's Miss Clara? Gone into Wales? That's a long journey. To her aunt's? Oh, well there's nothing like keeping up family connexions. And you, my dear boy," speaking to Frank—"so you've got into snug quarters, eh? The parsons always have the best mess. But you promised to come over and see me at Mangoe Lodge. What do you say to it, eh? Why can't you come to-day?"

"You are not aware, perhaps," replied Frank, hesitating, "of the unhappy circumstances which have occurred. The house is—that is—I am not residing at the Hall now."

"I know it all; the Carltons have given me the whole history—lose nothing going through their hands. Don't say a word about it; it's not your fault; it's nobody's fault, as the blackies say in India, when they capsize

your palanquin. But never mind. I've seen many a poor fellow in my time worse off than you are, doubled up with the cholera and heat—here to-day, gone to-morrow. And now come up to the Lodge; mount your horse, and we'll be off."

"My horses," said Frank, reddening, "and all, have been seized under the execution. The lawyers have got possession of everything."

"The lawyers! oh, the devil! don't talk of them—they're worse than the Thugs in India; and those black rascals are the craftiest, the most villanous, murderous, cruellest, most abominable race of bloodsuckers on the face of the earth. I had a narrow escape from them once myself."

"From which?" asked Frank.

"Oh, from the Thugs; but I outwitted them—I'll tell you about that another time. But those d—d lawyers, no! they would beat the Thugs at their own trade any day. I know they were too much for me—did me out

of lots of rupees; but never mind—got some left."

"I have advised Mr. Frank Coverley," said the clergyman, "to take the opportunity of resuming his studies, as he is not ashamed to say that he must now depend on his talents for his future support."

"Talents!" said the Colonel; "bad support that. Trade 's better than talents, now-a-days. Better be a butterman than a man of genius. No, no! that will not do for my young friend here; we must make a soldier of him."

"Before my poor father died," said Frank, "I had made up my mind to go to the bar."

"Go to the bar! why that's lawyer's work. Don't like it; but it's better to go to the bar than to be brought there, eh? Not so bad that, was it? However, if you have made up your mind, why, of course, the order-book's closed, as we used to say in India; and it's only to march and mind the musquitoes."

"The bar is the profession of a gentleman,"

observed the clergyman, "and he will have the satisfaction of defending the right."

"But then he will have the dissatisfaction of defending the wrong, till he comes to confound right and wrong; and to think everything wrong that he is paid for opposing, and everything right that he is paid for defending."

"I do not think that a just view of the question, my dear colonel," observed the clergyman. "It appears to me, that a system which affords to all the opportunity of pleading their cause by a practised advocate, has the excellent effect of putting both parties on a level in respect to the ability with which the merits of the matter in dispute are brought forward; so that ignorance can make good its claim in spite of craft and subtlety, and the weak can defend their property and liberty against power and oppression."

"Well, well, there's much to be said on both sides, as we used to say in India, when we had matchlocks popping at us on one side,

and native horsemen ready to charge on the other. And, after all, there's a proverb for the gentility of the profession, for you know 'The Prince of Darkness was a gentleman.' Eh! not so bad that, was it? And I must say, our young friend here has got—ch? I mustn't say the gift of the gab—that's vulgar—but upon my soul I do believe he could talk a fly out of a sugar-basin; and that's the stuff to make a lawyer out of."

"It's an awful thing," said Frank, "to address a jury on a case, perhaps of life and death, but I think I've got the nerve for the work."

"Nerve! my dear boy—you must have something more than that to succeed at the bar. I wouldn't offend you for the world, but we used to call it brass in India. (Not so bad, that, was it?) Ah! it's a pity you didn't go to India years ago. I remember, I offered your father a writership for you; but you're too old for India now. Ah! my boy, the service of the Honourable East India Company is the

thing to stick to. To be sure, not more than one in fifty lives to come home; but then, if you can only live, you're sure of promotion, and a comfortable income, besides chances. But I must be off; and as a general invitation is no invitation, as we used to say in India, I shall expect you to come to me this day week, to stay as long as you like. But to prevent mistakes, we'll put it at a month's furlough, and the parson can't complain of that. So now good bye."

The kind-hearted Colonel took his leave, leaving Frank pleased with his visit, and his considerate attention; and as he looked at the old soldier's celebrated red nose—which Frank was angry with himself ever to have laughed at—as it wagged to and fro, keeping time, as the Colonel raised himself up and down in his saddle, he thought that it gave the jolly East Indian a bold and martial air becoming his rank and profession.

These thoughts had hardly passed through his mind before his attention was attracted by

that important personage the village postman, the indifferent messenger of so much joy and sorrow. He brought a letter from Clara to her father. As the worthy clergyman had a pleasure in reading a letter from his daughter, he wished to communicate the same gratification to his young friend, so he read the letter aloud.

Clara began by expressing her satisfaction that Mr. Frank Coverley had made her father's house his home, and was sure that her father would justly appreciate a compliment, which was paid to him in preference to any other of Mr. Coverley's friends and acquaintances. She hoped that he had recovered from the shock of the late melancholy events, but she made no allusion to Frank's change of fortune; she observed, however, that Mr. Coverley possessed talents which made him independent, and indulged in a few moral observations on the advantage of education and talent over the accidents of fortune; and she took the present occasion to send him her best regards and good wishes on his birthday, which would take

place, she said, on the day of her letter's arrival at the cottage. She trusted that her father did not feel her absence inconveniently, though she was sure that no one could attend to his comforts like herself, and hinted, that she had an idea that the air of Wales was not suited to her constitution. She was eloquent in the expression of her thanks for the kindness which she received from her dear aunt, and she said that she had taken the opportunity to make several little sketches of the surrounding country, which had much pleased her aunt, and that her aunt particularly admired the portrait of Mr. Coverley, which she had accidentally seen one day, as she was looking over her (Clara's) shoulder, as she was employed on one of her sketches. Further, she expatiated largely on the beautiful and romantic scenery of that part of Wales; but for her part, she thought nothing in Wales, or anywhere else, could equal in loveliness the quiet spot of their own little garden, and especially by moonlight.

In a postscript, she added, that her aunt

desired her to say, that although she was most happy for her to remain in Wales as long as she could be spared, she would not press her to stay away from her father, if his health or other circumstances required her presence at home. In a second postscript, she particularly cautioned her papa not to give her letter to read to Mr. Frank Coverley; but in a few lines under the seal, she modified that injunction, by saying that she left it entirely to her papa to do as he might think fit.

The worthy clergyman, after finishing the letter—having read the first postscript before he came to the cautionary admonition in the second—laid it on the table, with no other remark than a brief expression of his opinion, "that the postscript ought to have been written first." He then retired to attend to some business with the parish clerk, who had come to report the condition of a poor parishioner, whose family was lying sick and required assistance.

Frank regarded the letter, for a brief space,

with a look which none but young ladies can appreciate. He applied it first to his lips, to ascertain, it is to be presumed, the quality of Welsh post writing-paper; and then, as it were, in a little fit of abstraction, he deposited it in his left-hand waistcoat pocket, where it rested during the remainder of the day.

It was observed by the worthy clergyman, that his young friend, though pensive occasionally, was more cheerful than usual, which he attributed to the circumstance of its being his birthday, on which he attained his twenty-first year, and, in some degree, also to his own pious inculcations of the duty of resignation.

But poor Frank was soon to be disturbed by another difficulty. He had never known the want of money. He had made up his mind to the loss of the estate, but the adoption of that heroic resolution was in a large and general sense, and did not apply to the details of his position. He had only a few pounds in his pocket when he left his late home, and these he had disbursed in various gifts and

payments after he had taken up his abode at Mr. Lesley's.

It was not until he was preparing for his visit to Colonel Yelloley, that the circumstance of his being without money in his pocket struck him with an alarm to which he had hitherto been a stranger. This new feeling of embarrassment—a feeling of which he had no experience—the stupefaction of finding himself without the means of defraying his ordinary expenses, stung him with a sharper pain than the loss of his estate; so true it is, that the numerous petty difficulties and vexations of life are often more teasing and irritating than its grand disappointments.

He was packing up his portmanteau as the truth of his real position flashed on him; and he remained motionless for some time, perplexed and stupefied.

He sat down, and pondered over the matter. He turned it this way and that, but, like many others who had pondered the matter before him, he could make nothing of it. There

he was without money, and how was he to get it? As to allowing Mr. Lesley to advance money, that his pride and all other reasons forbade. He thought of Sir Matthew Carlton, who had proffered so much kindness on the occasion of his parent's funeral; but, without exactly knowing why, he revolted at that idea.

After a good deal of consideration, he determined to consult Mr. Hartwell, and leaving his clothes unpacked, he immediately set out for a long walk to that gentleman's residence. Fortunately he found him at home.

Mr. Hartwell was very friendly and very polite, but he informed Frank, in a very business-like manner, that he had made it a rule, from which nothing could induce him to swerve, even for his oldest and dearest friend, never to lend money; but he recommended him to apply to Sir Matthew Carlton; although he warned Frank, that he was inclined to doubt Sir Matthew's ability to assist him at the present time, as he had lately been making heavy payments on various accounts.

Frank rejected this idea decisively; and Mr. Hartwell then advised him to apply to Messrs. Huntham and Skinnom, as the whole of his late father's property was either in their hands or subject to their claims, in doing which," Mr. Hartwell observed, Frank need have no scruple, as they had doubtless feathered their nest pretty well at his expense. He asked Frank to stay to dinner, and said that he should be most happy to render him, at all times, any assistance in his power.

Frank declined the invitation, and after a short rest, set out on his walk back; but his mind being ill at ease, his body soon became fatigued. He now learned, for the first time in his life, that walking is not always so pleasant as riding; but as he had no money, he was obliged to trudge along the dusty road, disappointed and weary, and it was in vain that the good clergyman tried to raise his spirits.

Frank felt like a man bound hand and foot. He had not the means of taking any step for want of money. He could not sleep that

night, so perplexed and confounded was he with his new difficulty. At last, he resolved to write to Messrs. Huntham, and his letter arrived at Cobweb Court as those worthies were discussing the means of securing to themselves as much as possible out of the Coverley property.

"Here's a letter," said Skinnom, to whom the communication was addressed, "from young Mr. Coverley. Poor young man, it is a most distressing thing to see——"

"Come, none of that gammon," interrupted Huntham; "what does he say?"

"He wants us to advance him some money."

"The devil he does! That's too good a joke."

"Why," said Skinnom—"let us see. It may be well to keep him quiet—he might give us trouble, you know, if he was put up to it."

"Well, there's something in that. What does he want?"

"He wants a hundred pounds."

"No go."

"Why, I don't know," said Skinnom; "it's wrong to drive a man to desperation. We could take his note of hand, and then, if his friends took it up, we should have our money; and if they did not, why, you know we should have a hold on him, if he turned rusty."

"True: that's not a bad idea. But is he of age?"

"Stop—I've got his age down in my pocket-book; I got that out of the old butler. Yes, he was twenty-one last Monday. It will be best to keep him quiet; and stopping his tongue will stop other people's."

"Well — we will take his note at three months."

"Agreed. I'll tell him he can draw for the money on our receipt of his note—that is, deducting discount and commission, and charging him, of course, with the expense of the letters."

Frank had never seen a note of hand in his life—the clergyman was equally ignorant; so Frank had another walk over to Mr. Hartwell's,

who instructed him in this his first experience, as Mr. Hartwell termed it, of "raising the wind;" and "it's all the better," he said, "for coming out of the enemy's camp, for they never can have the conscience to ask you for it."

Frank did not much like it; but he was inexperienced in matters of business, and he thought that it would be hard indeed if so small a sum as that would not be forthcoming to him out of his father's estate and personal effects. It afforded him great gratification, however, to have the means of discharging various small debts left by his late father, the loss of which would have seriously injured the poor tradesmen and others in the village.

But this occurrence made a serious impression on his mind. It awakened him sharply to the necessity of losing no time in putting himself in a position to be independent of loans, or the casual assistance of friends, at which his pride and his habits alike revolted.

But his want of funds crippled him in his projects; and he was perplexed, also, from the

want of some judicious friend, well acquainted with the world, on whose advice he might rely as to his future proceedings. The good clergyman, versed as he was in all the theories of ethics, was almost as ignorant as Frank of the practical affairs of real life; and although there was no one, Frank felt, to whom he could so well look up for consolation in misfortune, the good clergyman was the last person in the world to assist in extrication from difficulties.

There arose also another source of painful anxiety to Frank, when he calmly considered his position in respect to Clara. It was one thing for him to avow his attachment when he was heir to a good estate, and another, and quite a different thing, now that he was a poor gentleman, without a profession, and without the certain means of earning even his own subsistence.

He contemplated deeply on this point; and although he felt that his love for Clara, founded on long attachment and sincere esteem, was fixed and unalterable, he felt also that the

honorable part for him now to perform was to leave her free—if her heart would allow her so to consider herself—to form a more advantageous alliance.

It was these feelings that prompted him to persuade Mr. Lesley to cause her return to the parsonage, and which determined him to intimate his own departure, alleging that it would be better for his prospects that he should not tie himself down to a remote village, but endeavour to gain friends, and by some means to push himself forward in the world.

Mr. Lesley concurred the more readily with this view, as he was unhappy at the absence of his daughter, and he really thought that it was better for his young friend to see more of the world than he had been able to do during the long indisposition of his late father.

Satisfied with himself, and stimulated by his ardent love of Clara, to shew himself worthy of her, and make himself independent, he cheerfully packed up his portmanteau, and set off for the residence of Colonel Yelloley.

CHAPTER II.

" For a woman's heart is possest
With love, and love alone :
The grave is her only rest
When that sweet hope is gone."

Old Ballad.

He found the choleric Colonel seated in a luxurious arm-chair, with his leg on another ; a prodigious quantity of flannel was rolled round his gouty toe, and his head was enveloped in a white night-cap, adorned with a broad pink ribbon, indicating at once that the East Indian was an invalid, and not unregardful of his personal appearance.

A black servant, with his arms folded, was standing at a respectful distance, eyeing him

with remarkable attention, as it was the Colonel's habit, in fits of the gout, to announce his pleasure to his faithful attendant, by shying at him anything within his reach.

The name of this specimen of the gentle Hindoo race was Ram-Jam-Rum-Tum-Bang, of which sesquipedalian patronymic he was rather jealous; but the East Indian, in his fits of ill-humour, used to call him Sambo, to plague him.

It was an unlucky circumstance for Frank, that the old soldier happened to be in the very worst of tempers, as he had divested himself of all his personal moveables, by discharging them at Sambo's head, and being without ammunition, he was helpless, and could no longer get rid of his superfluous irritability by its usual channel. This state of things and Sambo's immovable tranquillity had wound him up to the highest paroxysm of passion.

Frank's entrance by no means put a stop to his ill-humour, but only changed its direction. Twisting himself round with a pettish jerk,

and shaking his head—his nose continuing to wag, like the head of a plaster mandarin, for some seconds after he had fixed an angry look on Frank, he broke out,—

"This is your work? Yes—it's all your fault! Why didn't you come before? Here have I been waiting for you the last three days—and couldn't go out to get any exercise—for it's an ill welcome—as we say in India—when the master's tent is empty—and every day dinner waiting—and the soup getting cold—and the wine getting warm—and that black rascal there tormenting me to death. Why, what the devil——" but seeing Frank's deep mourning, he suddenly checked himself, and turned his rage on the much-enduring Sambo.

"My dear young friend," he said, "will you do the greatest favour for me on earth? and I'll do the same another time for you when you've got the—oh, d— the gout!"

"With pleasure. What can I do for you? Have you got the gout?"

"Curse the gout! Nobody will understand me! Is that a real ash stick that you've got in your hand?"

"I cut it myself; but what has an ash stick to do with the gout?"—Frank was inclined to think the East Indian's wits were wandering.

"Everything, my dear boy! I've been wanting it all day. Will you, my dear fellow," implored the Colonel, with frightful calmness, "will you thrash that black rascal for me? The villain knows I can't get at him, and he stands there grinning at me with his white teeth, and I can't bear it."

"My dear Colonel, I'm delighted to find you in such good humour; but I fear that my visit is a little inopportune. I should think that you would rather be quiet than troubled with me at this time."

"I'm not in a good humour, and I don't want to be quiet. But lend me your stick."

Frank complied, laughingly, and the East Indian immediately shied it at Sambo's head, who declined the compliment by dexterously

ducking his head in the form of a most respectful salaam to his master—a movement in which he had grown expert from frequent practice. The stick smashed a window.

"There! he has made me break a window! That rascal will be the death of me! Sambo, I say, bring me the stick." But Sambo, making another profound salaam, but with a slower motion, retired.

"Now, what's to become of me?" exclaimed the East Indian. "That rascal knows I can't do without him, and I shall be left alone to die! Not a creature will come near me, though I keep cursing 'em, whenever I can catch sight of 'em, for staying away."

"The Doctor," announced Sambo.

"He's an ass! Tell him to go to the devil. Would you believe it, sir?—when I talked to him about Cajeput oil, he said it was only fit to grease cart-wheels! Doctor"—to Mr. Honeywater, who had the satisfaction of hearing this unencomiastic observation, as he entered the room—"what's the use of your phials

and gallipots there?" pointing to a row of menacing bottles of all shapes and sizes—"if they wont cure me? But I'll make Sambo take them, I will; that will comfort me, and it will make me better. The rascal! if he can't have the gout, he shall take the physic."

"Perhaps," said Frank, laughing, "it will act as a preventive."

"Then he shan't take it. I say, Doctor, couldn't you give him the gout? I wish it was catching, only that he might feel the touch of—oh! oh! oh!"

While his gouty patient amused himself with discharging a volley of vociferations, in every possible variety of intonation, Mr. Honeywater expressed his congratulations to Frank, on seeing him abroad, and his regret at seeing him look so poorly.

"And now, Colonel," said the man of physic, "let me feel your pulse."

"Humbug! That's one of your tricks of trade. What's the use of feeling a man's pulse? Well,—there it is, if it will give you any plea-

sure. I suppose you must go through the regular exercise."

"Your tongue?"

"It's in my mouth—well, if some people could keep theirs there."

"But you can put it out."

"I shan't—all humbug!"

"But how can I prescribe for you if I don't know what state you are in?"

"All the better, perhaps. Well, there—haven't you seen enough of it? I can't keep it out all day."

The Doctor shook his head.

"What the devil do you shake your head for? You're always shaking your head. I wish you would shake something out of it to do me good."

"Too much irritation still."

"It's Sambo. He would irritate an angel; nothing ever will put him in a passion. The horrible coolness of that rascal drives me mad."

"Well, we must have patience: nothing more can be done yet."

"Thought so!"

"You must go on as before."

"Must I?"

"No wine."

"Oh!"

"No mulligatawny."

"Go on!"

"Perhaps a very little weak beef-tea; but very weak."

"Of course."

"Toast and water."

"May I eat the toast?"

"Why, if you have a fancy for it, you may, in moderation."

"Thank you! I thought I was to have a glass of Madeira to-day."

"You may, if you like."

"May I!"

"Or a bottle—or even two."

"Doctor, you're a good fellow!"

"And some curried chicken."

"Give me your hand."

"So far as I am personally concerned, you

may take spiced claret instead of toast and water."

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean that if you like to live nabob fashion, I shall make a good job of you, and take my fee regularly for the next three months."

"And suppose I don't?"

"Why then it will be a bad job for me, for you'll be well in three days."

"Get along with you; you're worse than Sambo. If I could only thrash that rascal, I should be better directly. Mr. Coverley, might I take the liberty to request you to ring the bell?"

In spite of the Doctor's confident prediction, the Colonel was laid up for a month, which he ascribed entirely to the excessive irritation kept up by Sambo's imperturbable calmness, and not at all to a few glasses of Madeira which he insisted on drinking with Frank, "to welcome," he said, "as they always did in India, his guest's arrival."

As any hint at leaving him seemed to increase the Colonel's irritation, Frank made up his mind to remain; and as there was an excellent library at Mangoe Lodge, which was well supplied with the current literature of the day, and the books of which were regularly taken from the shelves at stated times to be dusted, Frank, in a day or two, felt himself tolerably at ease.

It was ten days after his arrival, that the Colonel, in an interval of ease, began to converse with Frank on his future prospects.

"Well, my young friend," said the good-natured East Indian, "you're a good-looking young fellow; what do you say to a commission in the army? I can get you a commission from an old friend of mine, who has interest at court, as we say in India."

Frank thanked the excellent Colonel warmly for this offer, and said that if he was in a different position, he should like a military life; but that, as there was little prospect of foreign service, and considering the unavoidable ex-

penses of home quarters, for which the pay was quite inadequate, he did not like to take a step which he felt conscious he could not persevere in. "Besides," he added, "without money, and without patronage, there is no chance of promotion in the army, in a time of peace particularly."

"Ah," remarked the Colonel, "that's the worst of the regular service, as we used to say in India—no money, no promotion. But in the Honourable East India Company's army, you are sure to rise by seniority; no one can purchase over your head. To be sure, very few live to take advantage of it, but that's all the chances of war, as we used to say; and what is bad for one, is good for the next behind him. And now, my dear boy, couldn't you do me the very great favour to give my horses a little exercise, or they will be having the gout too? And, by the bye, I have too many horses;—there are eight of them in the stable, eating their heads off; couldn't you ac-

cept one of them, just to take it off my hands? It really would be a favour to me."

Frank declined this offer, much to the dissatisfaction of the kind-hearted East Indian; but he willingly made use of one of his host's horses to ride over to Mr. Lesley's cottage, as a note from the worthy clergyman, which he had received that morning relative to his studies, informed him, incidentally, of Clara's arrival.

The Colonel's favourite mare had no reason to complain that day of want of exercise, for Frank gave her ample opportunity of shewing her speed and mettle; but at the distance of a few hundred yards from the cottage, before the turning of the lane brings you in view of the parsonage, he drew up; for the sudden thought occurred to him that he had not prepared himself for the interview.

He stopped his horse, and communed with himself on the course which it was right for him to pursue. With his blood heated with

exercise, and his heart beating high with expectation, it was not until after the expiration of some minutes that he was able to cool himself down to reason with himself calmly. He called to mind the resolution that he had adopted—not to insist, in his fallen fortunes, on Clara's engagement with him. He was determined to shew that he could be not less generous than Mr. Lesley, who had withdrawn his daughter the moment he discovered Frank's serious attachment to her, in order that the heir to a good estate might not be entangled at an early age in an engagement with a poor clergyman's daughter. "And I will shew to Mr. Lesley and to Clara," said Frank, speaking to himself aloud, "that I will not entangle the accomplished and beautiful Clara Lesley in an engagement with one who is now without fortune, and who can offer himself only as a poor gentleman without a profession." With this magnanimous resolution, he urged his horse to the door of the cottage.

"There was no one in the house," Mr. Lesley's domestic replied to Frank's question, "but Miss Clara was in the little alcove at the bottom of the garden."

Frank tied up his mare in the parson's little shed, and entered the cottage.

He sat down for a moment, to collect his thoughts; his heart beat violently, but his honorable determination remained firm. Making an effort to control his feelings, he stepped out into the garden.

Clara was sitting in the little alcove, her face turned towards the rise in the distance, on which stood the mansion of the Coverley estate, no longer the home of poor Frank, but the abode of bailiffs, who had been put in possession of it by the tenacious agents of the law. She was melancholy; and her thoughts were fixed and sad. She loved Frank with all that purity of affection—that earnestness of the heart, which only woman feels in her exclusive and enthusiastic devotion. With men—it cannot be denied—the passion of love is

a mingled feeling of the sentiment of the mind and the excitement of the senses. But the love of woman is all purity—her affection all disinterestedness—her devotion all generosity. Man, in his attachment to woman, considers that he acts a generous part, and practises a virtuous self-denial, in confining his attachment to her whom he selects: the woman never entertains the idea of the possibility of herself loving any other; her affection is without calculation, as it is without reserve. Man's love is an accident : woman's is a necessity. The man may pursue a thousand courses of action, in which he may find employment and stimulus to action: but the destiny of woman is fixed; her sex no less unfits her for the active pursuits of men, than it forces her to rely on the opposite sex for the protection of her weakness. The distinctive characteristic of man is strength and self-reliance: of woman, feebleness and dependence. Thus, the instinct of her own weakness prompts woman to strengthen herself by the

support of the stronger sex; and this very weakness is a source of an increase of affection in the man, inasmuch as he loves the object of his attachment the more from his consciousness of its need of his protection. But here the stakes—or rather the consequences of the hazard, are unequal; for the man may be disappointed in his attachment, and numerous resources are open to him for distraction or compensation: but the woman has but one cast of the die; she can love but once, and if that cast is lost, the ruin of the great expectancy of her life is hopeless and irremediable. The delicacy of feeling implanted in the sex by nature, and the strict limits imposed by the despotism of society and public opinion, alike condemn her to a life of disappointment and wretchedness, without hope and without end.

Clara did not philosophize on these points; but without making any logical deductions, the instinct of her sex and of her right-mindedness prompted her to a just conclusion.

It was the greater merit, therefore, in the young girl, thus to thrust aside all considerations of self, and consider only the interests of the object of her attachment. She considered, that with Frank's handsome person and attractive manners, as he was of respectable parentage, and with a good education, he might with such personal advantages, make his way in the world, and gain distinction and independence. But that was in distant prospective; and what changes, the while, might not take place in his opinions, and in his sentiments, even in regard to herself! Ought she to be either a clog on his exertions, or an obstacle to his advancement? Would it not be generous on her part—nay, would it be more than right, that she should free him from an engagement with her, a poor parson's daughter, without a shilling, and with only the fleeting attractions of personal beauty—of which she could not be unconscious—to compensate for want of fortune and family connexions?

As to herself—she felt, that in making the sacrifice which she contemplated, she was giving up entirely and for ever, all happiness in this world. She had loved Frank from infancy to manhood; and that love she felt could never be extinguished. It was her existence! She had given up her heart freely, wholly, devotedly, without restriction, and without reserve; and in the loss of a return of affection, she felt that life to her would be only a weary pilgrimage, for which the grave would be a welcome resting-place. All this she thought and felt; but she was resolved to sacrifice herself for him. It was with such thoughts that Clara sat in pensive meditation, unconscious of Frank's approach, gazing over the fields which from infancy she had loved so dearly.

Frank paused.—The anticipation of its loss always makes the object more dear ; and as Frank regarded Clara, his resolution wavered. The noise of his footstep came upon her ear, and turning her head, she saw him whom she

most thought of and least expected. Nature was too strong for reasoning. With a cry, in which surprise, delight at his presence, and sorrow for his changed fortunes and mourning dress, were all wildly blended, she started up, and in a moment Frank, forgetful of all stoical resolutions, held her in his arms, panting with joy, and almost suffocated with emotion.

"My dear, dear Clara!"

"Oh, Frank, what I have suffered! And how I longed to be near you! And how pale and thin you look! Good God! you are ill—I am sure you are! Dear Frank! you must have courage for my sake! What would become of me without you? But I forget! Frank, let me," she said, disengaging herself from his arms—"let me think—I had other thoughts when you came on me so suddenly!"

"Dearest Clara! what thoughts? Tell them to me."

"I have thought, Frank, that it is not right

for me to encumber you with an engagement with a poor clergyman's daughter when you have to make your way in the world."

Frank was troubled:—such had been his thoughts in regard to Clara, and this echo of his own sentiments saddened him, for it seemed to confirm the justice and necessity of his own resolution.

"My dear Clara," he replied, "I, too, have thought it would be ungenerous in me to hold you to an engagement which was formed under happier auspices. My changed fortunes——"

"Oh, Frank, do not say that!"

"It is a truth, dear Clara, which I must accustom myself to hear, as I must gather courage to bear it. My changed fortunes have made me reflect on many things; and among others, and most, on my duty, Clara, to you."

He paused.

With the quick-sightedness of her sex,

Clara instantly perceived that Frank had come to the same resolution as herself, and with the generosity of her exalted mind she determined to let him enjoy the satisfaction of his own disinterestedness, and so that the end was obtained and the benefit to him—oh, heavenly example of the fulness and completeness of woman's love! the noble girl was resolved to give up all—herself—even the soothing to her heart of the confession of her own sacrifice!

"I do not think it fair, Clara—I do not think it honorable in me—to fix you to an engagement which was made—which I made —under different circumstances."

Clara was silent, but deadly pale.

"Therefore, dear Clara, I have determined to say to you, that, so far as I am concerned, —although I feel, on my part, that I shall love you with the same devotion that I do now to the latest hour of my existence—that I consider you free; and if a larger circle of acquaintance should lead you to feel that your

girlish attachment might be replaced by one more conducive to your happiness——"

Clara was still silent.

"More conducive to your happiness,"—Frank was choking, but he concluded—"you may feel that no reproach would ever be made by me."

Clara motioned that she wished to return to the house. Leaning on Frank's arm, for the last time, as she feared, they slowly and silently entered the little parlour. Afraid to trust herself with further converse, and with that sickness of the heart which makes the throat and tongue feel parched, she expressed a scarcely articulate wish to retire to her chamber.

Frank tenderly kissed her forehead; she wrung his hands convulsively, and he departed, to see her no more.

And thus did these two young hearts, from the very excess of their love and their generosity, inflict wounds on each other of such poignant anguish that neither time nor events

could ever erase it from their memories—the one by the expression of his heroic self-denial, the other by her no less heroic silence.

"He shall go forth into the world, free," said Clara to herself, as she heard the steps of his horse retreating from the door; "but should he love another, my doom is fixed! But is it not him that I love, and not myself? —and is it not his happiness and not my own that I would desire to gain? Away, then, with all selfish feelings! He shall reap the advantage, though he may never know the sacrifice that a woman's heart can make! and Heaven in its mercy will give me strength to bear it!"

Frank spurred his horse on. "I will not be idle," he repeated to himself, "another day. I have freed Clara from her engagement. I have done the duty of a man of honor. But now I will strive heart and soul to make myself independent, and worthy of her; and when I see a certainty before me, then I will claim her again; that is—if she is not married!

But no—I dare not think of that. I will not lose a single day! What others have done before me, I can do again. To-morrow I will go to London—throw myself among the mass of men—and see if courage and industry can win the way to independence—and—to Clara!"

CHAPTER III.

"And now the Muse deserts the rural scene,
Quitting the mossy bank and bubbling rill,
For London's City, where in tide obscene,
The steaming gutter flows down Holborn Hill."
TOWN AND COUNTRY. *A Poem.*

"These inky-stained fingers my labours bespeak;
I'm a copying clerk at a guinea a-week."
THE QUILLDRIVER'S PETITION.

"MY dear boy," said the old Colonel, the morning after Frank had announced his intention of proceeding immediately to London, "do you know you could do me a very particular favour."

"What is that?

"I'll tell you—if this gout will let me speak. I have some very particular deeds that I want

to send up to town—indeed they are so important, that I don't like to trust them out of my hands—except with one like yourself, on whom I can rely. They relate to some affairs of mine in Bengal—I intended to take them up myself, but this confounded gout nails me here."

"I will take charge of them with pleasure."

"Thank you, my dear fellow, I was sure you would: but of course you can't expect me to allow you to take a journey on my account at your own expense—that would be quite against the regulations of the service. So I have written this little cheque for you — as batta money, as we say in India:—and now that matter's settled."

"Impossible, my dear Colonel; you forget that I am going to town on my own account; and my taking charge of your papers cannot occasion any additional expense to me."

"D—n it! but I say it can, and it does; so don't irritate me; but put the cheque in your pocket."

"I see your kindness," said Frank; "and I assure you, I appreciate it—and feel it deeply and gratefully. But it would be contrary to the resolution which I have formed, to depend only on my own exertions."

"Frank Coverley—you're worse than Sambo! Wont you let a friend help you? I have neither wife (thank God) nor child—and, upon my soul, I sometimes don't know what to do with my money. It's so difficult to put it out to profit. There—you can take it as a loan, and you can pay me interest—and that will satisfy your scruples."

"Not a bit. You must excuse me—but I really don't want money. I have sufficient to last me in London till I get some employment."

"Damnation!" said the Colonel, flinging the cheque into the fire; "you're enough to give a man a fit of the gout.—Very well; never mind; I suppose you have no objection to take a letter to my solicitor, Mr Playfair."

"Any letter of introduction that you can give me, I will take with pleasure."

"Well—well"—said the East Indian, muttering to himself. "I'll have him that way. I'll show him what an old soldier can do, as we used to say at mess, with a young griffin."

Frank wrote to Mr. Lesley, requesting him to call on him, and the good clergyman came over the next day, and informed Frank that he had not been idle in his behalf. He had consulted Mr. Hartwell, and that gentleman seemed to think that there must be something wrong in the claims of Messrs. Huntham and Skinnom, and that it would be advisable for him to make some stir in the matter. Frank thanked him for his exertions and his kindness, and communicated to him his intention to try his fortune in London.

"London is a vast place," observed the clergyman; "and no doubt, opportunities occur there which do not offer themselves in a remote country place. But what are your plans?"

"I am determined to study the law, with the view of being called to the bar; and in

the meantime, I must support myself by my industry."

Mr. Lesley could say nothing against it; and that he might not damp his young friend's courage, he forbore to express his doubts and misgivings.

"And when do you go?

"To-morrow morning. I must request you to represent me in taking leave here and there, of such friends and acquaintances as you may think it polite to mention my departure to; and you can say to the Carltons——"

"The Carltons are gone to Cheltenham. They went a day or two after that day. And now, my dear Frank, do not fail to inform me of all your proceedings, and especially do not forget, that under any circumstances, you have in me a sincere and affectionate friend." And with this expression of interest in Frank's welfare, the worthy clergyman took his leave.

The next morning, Frank climbed to the top of the coach, and in due course, was safely deposited in the vast wilderness of the metropolis.

It is impossible to describe Frank's sense of loneliness as he sat in the afternoon of a summer's day in the coffee-room of the Blue Boar, in the classic region of Holborn on the Hill. It was some years since he had visited London, and he could not call to mind the name of a single person with whom he could claim acquaintance. A feeling of desolation came over him; and he felt as if his very individuality was swallowed up and lost in the immense mass of human beings congregated in the mighty maze of the modern Babylon.

He read the newspapers over and over again, perusing with interest those parts which he had never before looked at; and his melancholy was increased to see the number of persons advertising their wants and their destitution. He particularly observed the applications from persons wanting employment, and especially that class coming under the head of "To the affluent and humane—Wanted to borrow for a short period twenty pounds, which would be the means of saving the ad-

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vertiser from ruin," &c. &c. On the other hand, he was astonished at the eagerness with which other parties advertised their excessive desire to lend money; and he was puzzled to understand how it was that those who wanted to lend and those who wanted to borrow seemed to labour under such a difficulty to find each other out.

He made memorandums of the addresses of one or two of the A. Z.'s and X. Y.'s, under which modest initials those charitable money-lenders are used to shroud their benevolent inclinations, a sort of indistinct prescience coming over him that it was more than possible that he might himself be able to oblige those accommodating gentlemen on a future occasion. At last, wearied and sad, he went to bed and fell asleep.

A night's rest restored him. Determined to lose no time, he set out for the office of Mr. Playfair, to whom Colonel Yelloley had given him a letter of introduction. He found that gentleman at home, was admitted, and

delivered his letter. He waited while Mr. Playfair perused it with professional precision.

That formal gentleman having read the letter once, read it again; and then folding it into three folds which he was careful to proportion accurately, he proceeded to endorse it with the words "Yelloley rê Coverley," and deposited it at the top of a thick bundle of similarly-shaped papers tied round with red tape. Having completed this process, he pushed his spectacles up to the top of his forehead, and turning round to Frank, asked him, "And now, sir, what is it that you wish me to do for you?"

The manner of the attorney was dry and abrupt to a point that was chilling; but as Frank wanted his information, and as he had been told by the Colonel that he was a straightforward (at least, said the Colonel, as straightforward as it is possible for a lawyer to be) and honorable man, he made up his mind to take a lesson in humility, and submit to a

style and manner to which he was unaccustomed.

"It is my intention," said Frank, "to study the law, with a view to being called to the bar, but I am not acquainted with the forms. Colonel Yelloley gave me reason to hope that I might have the benefit of your advice on the subject."

"The first thing that you must do," replied Mr. Playfair, speaking with the same coolness with which he would have answered any ordinary inquiry, and continuing to tie up various papers and documents with his usual assiduity —the first thing is to enter yourself at one of the inns of court."

"May I ask which you would recommend in preference?"

"There is no difference among them worth considering; there may be some slight difference in the expense of chambers, but not much."

"Then I should prefer Lincoln's Inn."

"Very well. Then you must procure two

sureties to the usual bond, and for the entrance money you will have to pay about thirty pounds."

"And then I can begin?"

"Yes; but you must first deposit one hundred and fifty pounds for the due performance of the conditions. Are you a member of either of the universities of Oxford or Cambridge?"

"No,—I have not had that advantage."

"Then you will have to keep terms for five years, and at the end of that time you will be in a position to be called to the bar."

"And what is the best way," asked Frank, "of gaining a knowledge of my profession?"

"There is no short cut, sir, to a knowledge of the law. Nothing but experience will enable you to practise as a barrister. It is to be presumed that you are qualified, by the usual course of a liberal education, to begin the study of the law; that you have a complete knowledge of history, and especially of the history of your own country. I should

recommend to you, in the first place, to pass two terms at least in the office of some solicitor of acknowledged reputation, in order that you may gain a knowledge of the routine of practice and the forms of writs and process, a detail which is too much neglected at the bar, and a knowledge of which, if not learned at first, and in the apprenticeship of the profession, if I may so term it, is seldom learned thoroughly afterwards. At the end of that time I should recommend you to place yourself for two years in a pleader's office under the bar, and then one year with some man of eminence at the bar; and when you have so qualified yourself, you must trust to your own diligence and to time for the rest."

"And, pray," asked Frank, "what are the expenses to be incurred in pursuing these steps which you have had the kindness to point out?"

"It is impossible to state, with perfect accuracy, the expense of pursuing the study of the law in order to qualify yourself for the

bar," replied Mr. Playfair; "but in a general way, I should say that, independent of your personal expenses, on which point I cannot take the liberty to offer any opinion, a sum of about 500*l.* to 1000*l.* would suffice. But observe, I am speaking of the thing being properly done. There are many men who are called to the bar who have done little more than kept their terms. But to make a good lawyer, something more than keeping terms is necessary, as every solicitor in much practice has the opportunity of observing. Is there any other point, sir, on which you desire to have information? as, in such case, I must request you to call on some other day, as I have an engagement at this minute, and, in matters of law, sir, it is necessary to be punctual."

Frank took his leave with a heavy heart. The study of the law he found was not a matter of such easy accomplishment, and the expense of the process was much greater than he had anticipated. The sum necessary for

his mere initiation was far above his present means, and he was saddened at this, his first disappointment, on his entrance into London.

He returned to the privacy of the Blue Boar, and locking himself in his bed-room, he proceeded to count over his stock of money. It amounted to fourteen pounds, seventeen shillings! This state of his finances, exhibiting a sum so disproportionate to the cost of the first step in the progress of an expensive profession, struck him as so ludicrous that he burst out into a bitter laugh as he surveyed the scanty sum spread out on his dingy toilet-table. But this unnatural merriment soon gave way to more serious reflections. What was to be done?

Without money, without relations, without friends, and even without acquaintances, he had to maintain his battle against the world, and to draw from the resources of his own mind the courage and the fortitude necessary to sustain him in his up-hill fight. An ordinary mind would have been crushed at the

outset under such a burthen. But Frank possessed a strength of mind, and a hardiness of character, partly the gift of nature and partly the result of his education, which enabled him to bear up against misfortune. His decision of character, which was in a great degree due to the rough discipline of a public school—a discipline which hardens strong plants, but kills weak ones—which was brought into play by the collisions of wide companionship, and strengthened by the practice of wrestling with difficulties which the habit of keen competition superinduces, now saved him from despair in his solitary struggle for subsistence.

Without wasting time in useless repinings, he at once resolved to live at the least possible cost, and in the humblest manner. With that view he set out to seek for lodgings; and in his ignorance of the town, not knowing where to choose, he found his way to the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane, where he secured a bed-room at five shillings a-week. Thither he conveyed his trunks, and having arranged

his chamber to his mind—and having that equivocal sort of satisfaction which consists in being "monarch of all you survey," he sat down to consider his next step.

The pursuit of the law was out of the question for the present; but the sum required to make a beginning was not so very large, he thought, but that it might be possible to obtain it by industry and frugality. But how to set about it?—that was the question. He thought that possibly his classical acquirements might enable him to act as private tutor in a family, or he might perhaps be able to get employment as secretary or assistant in some way. He immediately began to study the newspapers for a week back, and he replied to every advertisement that offered any attraction. In this way he despatched about twenty letters.

In the course of a few days he received three replies. The first informed him, in very polite terms, that it was indispensable that the tutor required should be in orders; the second

communicated that the advertiser wanted a partner to join in the working of a scientific discovery, who would not be required to take any charge in the management, but who must be prepared to advance 500*l.*, for which he would receive a proportionate share of the immense profits which were sure to be realized. The third, which was an advertisement requiring the services of an amanuensis to a literary man, said that his application (the three hundred and forty-seventh) had been received by the advertiser, who regretted that it was not in his power to accept Mr. Frank Coverley's proposal, as a gentleman had already been engaged.

This was discouraging, but he was not of a temperament to sit down and give way to despair. If he could do nothing else, he thought, he could employ his time in qualifying himself for any employment that might present itself; and with this resolution he set himself diligently to work to resume his studies, and especially to acquire modern lan-

guages, which he wisely considered as forming the means of engaging in many occupations from which he would be otherwise shut out.

He was revolving in his mind how he should best attack the French language, and was deeply engaged in the complexities of French grammar, when his attention was distracted by the sounds of a fiddle overhead, and presently afterwards a shaking of the flooring, and a noise of some one jumping over the chairs and tables, completely put an end to his solitary study. Wondering what could be the occasion of the strange bumping and jumping, and annoyed at the disturbance, he decided on paying a visit of inquiry to the inhabitant of the upper region, to ascertain the cause of the confusion.

The door of the front "attic," as it is classically designated, was open, and he saw a thin, spare man, beyond the middle time of life, with a profusion of black curly hair down his back, bounding about the room in a most extraordinary manner, and performing the

most violent evolutions. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and elevating the other in a line parallel with the plane of the horizon, with his fiddle and bow upraised, he remained in that attitude, making frightful grimaces as if he was gazing on some object. Then he shifted himself, with a convulsive movement, to the other leg, and shook it about dreadfully. In a moment afterwards he jumped up as high as the low ceiling of his garret allowed, and twisted his feet in and out with so frantic a motion, that Frank guessed at once that he was deranged. In the intervals of his agitation he played snatches of airs on his fiddle, and then recommenced his exertions.

Seeing the poor maniac in this frantic state, Frank was about to call for assistance, when the inhabitant of the attic suddenly subsided into a state of calm, and, sitting down on the edge of his bedstead, he assumed the appearance of profound meditation,—though Frank observed, that while the upper part of his person remained in a position of repose, his

feet and toes continued to twitch about with a restless motion.

At this moment the maniac caught sight of the stranger, and, rising up, with a polite air he motioned him into his room, offering him his only chair. Frank did not much like the idea of being alone in a room at the top of the house with a madman; but as the poor creature seemed to be in a lucid interval, he entered and sat down. The man with the fiddle making a low bow from his bedstead, as if requesting the indulgence of his visiter, commenced playing a slow movement, which he accompanied with corresponding motions of his legs and feet, gazing on them with intense earnestness. Then, seeming satisfied with the result of his contemplations, he laid down his fiddle, and addressed his wondering visiter.

He at once informed Frank, without any circumlocution, that he was a poor gentleman and a dancing-master, and that he was in the act of studying some new steps in a forthcoming ballet, at the moment when Monsieur

did him the honor to visit him in his apartment; that he was charmed at the opportunity of making his acquaintance, and that he hoped he would confer on him the gratification of using his apartment as his own whenever he felt inclined to take the air, as there was a fine view—which he pointed out, from his window—over the chimney-tops of the opposite houses.

Frank made suitable acknowledgments for the favor of this polite invitation, and as he was too poor to stand on ceremony, and was really glad to have a human creature to speak to,—although the Frenchman could hardly express himself intelligibly in English,—an acquaintance was established on the spot between the two unfortunates, which proved in the sequel of the greatest advantage to Frank, on a particular occasion.

Shortly after this, he had the gratification of receiving a favourable reply to one of his answers to an advertisement, and found himself established as a copying clerk at an

attorney's office at a guinea a-week. The irksomeness of this employment was in some degree relieved by his opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the jargon and ordinary process of the common law. His evenings were passed generally with his dancing friend; and as the dancing-master spoke always in French, and as Frank stuck close to his grammar and dictionary, he soon acquired sufficient familiarity with the language to sustain a conversation.

In the meantime, he was not neglectful of the affairs of his late father's estate, and, at a visit which he paid to Mr. Playfair, he made that gentleman master of all he knew relative to the subject; and that worthy solicitor, premising, however, that he saw little chance of being able to effect anything to Frank's advantage, promised to do his best to assist him.

In this way his time was passed for some months, interchanging a few letters with Mr. Lesley, but forbearing, according to his honorable resolution, to say more of Miss

Lesley than politeness and the cordiality of old acquaintance allowed—for, under his present humble and precarious circumstances, he would not attempt to put himself forward to the prejudice of more suitable admirers; and Clara, on her part, having the same feelings towards Frank, maintained the same generous silence.

Nothing relieved his solitude but the talk of the French dancing-master; and his only solace was his solitary study at night, in which he endeavored to fit himself for future employments. So great was his melancholy at times, thus to find himself alone in the midst of numbers, that he almost began to doubt if he had any right to exist at all, and whether he was not really a supernumerary unit in the world for which there was neither station nor room!

But in the midst of these despondings, he was agreeably surprised one morning by a letter from Colonel Yelloley, which produced a sudden change in his position and his prospects.

CHAPTER IV.

"It's a sad truth—and teaches some humility;
But man in wisdom is but a beginner.
How much the ethereal mind gains in virility,
After a glass of wine and a good dinner!"
"LIFE." *A Satire.*

"Cheltenham, Nov. 1818.

"MY DEAR FRANK,—Here I am at Cheltenham, having granted myself leave of absence, as we say in India, on the sick list; and, upon my soul, I often wish I was in India, where one can be carried about in our palanquins with some comfort, instead of being knocked against every post in the street by these confounded chairmen in their sedans. But I have got rid of the gout, thank God,—that is, nearly,—which I attribute entirely to the waters; and

by the advice of the doctors, I have given up wine, (for the present,) and live very moderately, which allows the waters to have their proper effect; though I wish I had been aware of their efficacy at first, for I was in a pretty mess in the confounded sedan chair, and couldn't get out,—but that's neither here nor there. Well, I have got something for you at last. An old friend of mine, Mr. ——, is going to Aix-la-Chapelle, upon some sort of official business, I don't know what, and it don't matter to you and me; that is, it does matter to you, because he wants a sort of secretary, and I told him, as a particular favor, that I thought I could prevail on a young friend of mine to go with him, of great talents, &c. &c. And so it is settled; that is, if you like it, which, of course you will, for it's a capital opportunity for you. You will be among all the nabobs, emperors, and kings, and all sorts of great people. And I remember that I am indebted to your late father a small sum, which I thought was paid, but I find, on look-

ing over my papers, that he neglected to receive it, which annoys me very much; so I enclose a cheque for it, which, of course, you will relieve my mind by receiving on his account; and so that matter's settled.

"I shall remain here all the winter, perhaps. We have very pleasant society, and your old friends the Carltons may spend some time longer at Cheltenham, they tell me. The beautiful Louisa has had a fit of the sentimentals, and I can't help thinking that you are at the bottom of it, for she always talks to me about you, and casts down her beautiful eyes in a very languishing manner. Her sister—that is, the blue-stocking—is very kind and attentive, and reads the Calcutta papers to me, though she makes sad havoc with our Indian names; but I take the will for the deed, and in truth I don't know what I should do without her. The lady mother calls with her to see me every day, and she stays with me while her mother makes her calls, and helps the old bachelor in his little domestic concerns,

and she is the only creature among them that takes any interest in my East Indian stories, and I relate them to oblige her, though I can't bear talking, and never could; but she is really, on the whole, a very sensible young woman, and doesn't run gadding about as the others do, but prefers, as she says, the conversation of sensible men, which I think is very much in her favour.

"You will find my Aix-la-Chapelle friend in town, at —— Square; and I advise you to lose no time in presenting yourself, and don't neglect to write to me and tell me all the news, though I can't bear gossip, but I like to know what is going forward in the world. I am not so old yet as to lose all interest in the affairs of this life; and, as Miss Carlton says, very sensibly, that a man does not know his own mind, and has no steadiness, until he arrives at a certain age. By the bye, I wish you would inquire for me at Prince's, in Bond Street, about a new hair dye that some Persian has invented; not that I care for these things, but

there is no reason for a man to look older than he really is, and the climate in India always turns a man's hair grey before its time.

"Don't neglect to call on my friend immediately after the receipt of this letter. There is no knowing what such an opportunity may lead to; but I hope when you become a great man in politics, you will not forget your old friend at Mangoe Lodge, where a room and a hearty welcome are always ready for you.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN YELLOLEY."

The cheque was for fifty pounds. After he had recovered from this surprise, he immediately dressed himself in fitting costume, for fortunately his wardrobe, which had been pretty extensive, still held out, and waited on Mr. ——.

The fat porter surveyed him, as those officials are pleased to scrutinize strangers without title or known position in society; being satisfied with his exterior, he condescended to summon a footman in waiting, who communicated

with another, by whom Frank's card was conveyed to the great man above. An immediate invitation was the result, to ascend the principal staircase leading to the sacred precincts of the master's private study. The alacrity with which this summons was conveyed, accompanied by some telegraphic signs which were at once understood by his brethren, caused the domestics in waiting instantly to assume an attitude of respect, and Frank, with an easy urbanity of manner calculated to inspire favourable impressions, and smiling within himself at the idea of the change in the demeanor which would come over the spirit of their dreams, if they were to be made aware that they were throwing away their obeisances on a clerk at a guinea a week, was ushered into the presence of his new patron.

"Mr. Coverley, I am glad to see you. My old friend, Colonel Yelloley, has made you aware of the object of my giving you this trouble, and he flattered me with the hope that it would be agreeable to you to accompany me

to Aix-la-Chapelle, and render me your assistance in the transaction of some matters which call me thither. But I am afraid I must tax your good nature in the beginning rather severely. I set out to-morrow morning; would it suit your engagements to accompany me at such short notice?"

Frank was charmed with the manner and the gentlemanly politeness of his new acquaintance, and at once acceded to the offer, as he was aware that his absence from the office of his present employer would occasion no inconvenience; and after a few explanations and arrangements, took his leave, with the invitation to dine at —— Square that day, and with the injunction to be ready to start the next morning at eight o'clock.

The number of people that he knocked down in his joyous bounding to Gray's Inn, has never been accurately ascertained; and it is to be feared that he had the overturning of more than one apple and roasted chestnut stall on his conscience, in his eagerness to hurry forward.

Matters were easily settled at his late employer's, and he then bent his steps to his two-pair back in Gray's Inn Lane. He soon packed up his clothes, settled with his landlady, and took the liberty to convey the bulk of his wardrobe to the office of Mr. Playfair, marked, "Private papers, rê Coverley, with care."

At seven o'clock he was at —— Square, where he suddenly found himself in the presence of some personages of rank and fortune; but as he was used to that style of life, he was quite at his ease, which was increased by the inquiry of a gentleman present if he was related to Mr. George Coverley, of the county of ——?

Frank said that he was the son of that gentleman, upon which his questioner asked him to take wine with him. He satisfied his conscience by saying that his estate was in Chancery; but as nobody seemed to hear or to care where the estate was, he let matters take their course, and began to feel very well satisfied with his position. There was a foreigner present,

which caused the conversation to be carried on occasionally in the French language, in which Frank modestly joined when necessary, which drew from his host a complimentary expression of satisfaction that he was so great a proficient in that language.

Said Frank to himself, if you knew where I got it, you might not think quite so highly of me; and he thought of his lodging in the two-pair back, and the French fiddler in the garret. But as it was by no means necessary to enlighten the company on the real state of his private affairs, he contented himself with dating back from Coverley Hall, which was a satisfactory reference.

He was nearly abashed, however, by a chance question as to the present place of his abode, but he replied that he was moving about, and that his letters were addressed to his solicitor, who forwarded them to him according to his movements. But all passed off very well, and in due time he retired, much the better for his converse with his kind, and with

his unaccustomed good dinner; and he felt, as he went home, as if he could skim over the pavement without using his feet, so elated was he at the prospect which was opening before him.

He found his friend the dancing-master waiting supper in his "apartment," as he was pleased to designate his front attic. He had reserved for himself the side of the little bedstead, on which, by the aid of the fiddle-case, he had contrived to raise himself to a sufficient height to dispense in a becoming manner the sumptuous feast which he had prepared for the parting entertainment of his young friend. The chair, as the seat of honor, was placed for his guest.

At the top of the table, which was covered with two clean towels as a tablecloth, was a sixpenny plate of beef, cut curiously thin, and artistically spread out so as to cover the whole of the dish, and to present an imposing appearance. In the middle was a whole half-quartern loaf, flanked on each side by a slice

of best Dorset butter and a stick of celery, respectively. At the bottom was an empty dish, appropriated, it might be presumed, for the reception of some rare delicacy requiring particular skill in the preparation.

Frank found his French friend sitting by the fire, in an attitude of expectancy. After a brief welcome, the dancing-master, casting a glance at the well-furnished table which seemed plainly to invite Frank's admiration of the profuseness of the entertainment, immediately proceeded to insert the end of a broken fiddle-stick into a succulent piece of single Gloucester cheese; but suddenly recollecting himself, he hastily placed this substitute for a toasting-fork in Frank's hand, and begging him not to burn it, disappeared down the stairs at a rapid pace. Presently he returned, slowly, bearing in his hand a pot of ale, which he placed in a sociable manner midway between the two ends of the table, so as to be convenient to the hand of each, and after lighting a considerable remnant of a tallow candle, inserted in the neck

of a green glass bottle (tastefully fringed with white paper) as a supplemental illumination to spread brilliancy on the gala nature of the entertainment, he invited Frank to take his place at the table.

It was the first time for some months that Frank had failed to sit down to his supper with his usual appetite, and that ceremony, therefore, was soon finished, for the dancing-master eat but little, from the fear of getting fat.

"They told me you were going to leave us," he said, in a sorrowful tone; "and now I shall be alone again, with no one but my violin to speak to me." And saying this, he reached it down from its peg, and gave a little melancholy flourish.

Frank considered for a moment.—His sharp experience of misfortune had taught him early discretion. It could be of no use to his dancing friend, he thought, to make him a confidant of his movements; and possibly it might prejudice him if the dancing-master were to speak

of it publicly. He refrained, therefore, from indulging in the loquacity common to weak minds, and replied, that he was going abroad with a gentleman for some weeks, or perhaps longer; and that, in the meantime, any letter addressed to his solicitor's office would reach him.

"Ah! you are going; and for you there is a future. You may be anything; for anything is possible to youth! But I!—when my legs grow a little stiffer, and the fingers of my feet become fixed!—then what is there for the poor dancing-master, but to dance his last step into the grave!" A movement of his bow corresponding to this thought produced a few lengthened notes, which insensibly merged into an air of the last new ballet.

His companion did not know what to say, not being able, at the moment, notwithstanding his usual eloquence, to hit on an appropriate expression of consolation under the circumstances.

"The life of man," continued the dancing-

master, waving his fiddlestick oratorically, "is short! He has scarcely time to learn his steps, before his limbs grow feeble! He appears on the grand scene—[here he gave a lively flourish on his violin]—he places himself in position — he flies—he bounds—he turns round in a grand pirouette. In the words of your great poet, which I have read somewhere,—'Man is a vapour, full of woes; he cuts a caper, and down he goes.' Voilà la vie! The curtain drops, and there's an end."

"And there's an end of the candle," said Frank, glad to find an excuse for laughing, for the comic illustration of the dancing-master, so professionally wound up, albeit it was entirely sentimental, was almost too much for his power of face—"there's an end of the candle," as the paper festooning of the gala dip in the green glass bottle caught fire, and, after a momentary flare up, went out suddenly, spreading a gloom over the apartment;—"and that warns me that I have to get up early to-

morrow morning. And now, my dear friend, you must allow me to pay my debts. I owe you I don't know how much money, for all your French lessons; and I have put five guineas in this paper, which I hope you will do me the favor to accept."

"Me take money from you!" replied the dancing-master. "If I have taught you French, you have taught me English,—so that is equal. No, no—you must not affront me by offering me money! I would rather see my violin broken to atoms, than take money from you. You are young, and want it. I want little now—and that little my violin supplies to me. So good night, and say no more about it, but let me hear from you when you come back. Perhaps the old dancing-master may be useful to you yet."

Frank bade him a cordial farewell; and he heard the Frenchman discoursing with his fiddle, and inviting its reply by sentimental little touches, till he fell asleep.

The next morning he was punctual to his

appointment at —— Square, and, seated in a comfortable chariot with four horses, was presently whirled along to Harwich, on his route to Aix-la-Chapelle.

CHAPTER V.

"Thus to be stopped by these eternal hitches,
And constant crossings of Dutch dykes and ditches,
Calls to my mind those celebrated verses
In which some poet concentrates his curses—
'Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall!
May man undam you—and — damn you all!'"

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

"WE shall be in time," observed Mr. ——, as they rapidly rolled along in the well-hung chariot, "for the thick of the deliberations of congress. Have you paid much attention to politics?"

"Only in a general way," replied Frank, aloud;—"and in a very general way," said he

to himself, "for I'll be hanged if I know anything about them in particular."

"From your father's position in his county, however, as Colonel Yelloley has informed me, you must have been in the habit of hearing public matters discussed, so that you are *au fait*, I presume, to the general position of affairs in Europe?"

Poor Frank was a little embarrassed at being thus suddenly plunged into the consideration of the affairs of Europe; but his Eton assurance came to his aid, and he replied readily—

"The general aspect of affairs gives rise, at this moment, to very serious considerations." Thought he to himself, I can't be wrong there, for I'll be bound there never was a time when the affairs of Europe did not give rise to very serious considerations.

"A very sensible observation," said Mr. ——. "Been abroad before?"

"Not exactly," said Frank; "but I am well acquainted with the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane," he was about to say, but he checked

his spirit of fun, and added, "but I am not unacquainted with the course of foreign affairs."

"You talk like a diplomatist already—cautious and guarded. By the bye, if I may give you a piece of advice—which, however, you do not seem to stand in need of—it is, to be extremely cautious in respect to communications which will necessarily come within your knowledge; indeed, to maintain an absolute reserve on matters relating to my present mission."

"Certainly," replied Frank. "I may venture to say that you may depend on my absolute discretion."

"Good! You were brought up at Eton, I think?"

"I had that advantage."

"Yes, it is a great advantage; and fits a young man well for public life. Are you quick at composition?"

"Of Latin verses—or Greek in a humble way?"

"Latin and Greek verses! Humph! I doubt if the deliberations of congress will be carried on in Latin and Greek verse; however, the early habit of versification gives a command of words, and initiates into the niceties of language, which is very useful on some occasions. Do you speak any foreign language besides French?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Cannot say that you do? I presume the meaning of that when translated is, that you don't. Excuse me—you will make a capital diplomatist!"

"I join in the general opinion that French is the universal language — especially of diplomacy."

"True; though I am not quite sure that we English people are right in permitting such a predominance to be given to the French language. Our numbers and the large proportion of the surface of the earth which our dominion comprises, might warrant a different usage. And it may be said that our almost

servile acquiescence in the use of the language of the French, even in our own country, certainly does give to that nation an advantage in its diplomatic intercourse."

"French is generally considered the polite language of Europe?"

"It is; and at one time deservedly so, from the superiority of its literature, and from the greater facility of its acquirement, in comparison with other continental languages. But the superiority of its literature over that of our own country certainly has ceased, in my opinion at least; nor do I see that the French language possesses in itself that superiority over our own to entitle it to supersede the English as it does on too many occasions."

"That is not the common opinion," said Frank, "if I may be permitted to make the observation."

"It is not the common expressed opinion; but few people have the courage to form, and fewer still to express, their real opinions, when they run counter to the fashion of the times.

But in what is the French language superior to the English? Not for the purposes of poetry, for their whole literature does not furnish a single epic poem, unless the signal failure of Voltaire, in his "Henriade," may be instanced as an exception. It is not superior for the purposes of oratory, for without dwelling on the importance of the power of emphasis, obtained from the use of our auxiliary verbs, the insipidity produced by the necessity of their ellipses in speaking, and the embarrassments of their inflections, must cause a difficulty in the practice of French oratory, from which speakers in English are exempt. But this inquiry would lead us too far. Talking of languages, however, I would recommend you to learn German; you would find it useful, indeed necessary, in the north of Europe; besides, it is worth learning for the sake of its literature, to say nothing of its kindred relations with our own language."

"I promise myself that pleasure when the opportunity offers; but its study is not inviting."

"It is not; but it is worth the pains of acquiring; though it is uncouth at the outset. But when you dig into it, you will find treasures of knowledge and stores of thought—particularly in metaphysics—worth the labour of extracting. In that respect, it has the advantage of the Spanish, which has little literature to recommend it, and of the Portuguese, which has less; and also of the Italian, which has little more than its poetry; for its political writers—Machiavelli, for instance—can be as well read in their translations. But still the Spanish is a magnificent language; and the Italian will ever be the language of poetry, and it is the language of a beautiful and important portion of the European continent. By the bye, you should study modern Greek. The Portuguese, too, have settlements in South America, in which their language is becoming diffused over a wide extent of territory; the Brazils will one day form one of the most powerful empires of the earth; it has extent, climate, salubrity, soil, productions,

rivers, and harbours—everything in its favor; so that if you pursue the career of diplomacy, these are languages which you ought to have at your command."

"I have merely looked at them cursorily," said Frank; "but I have the notion, that with the help of Latin and French, the Spanish, Portuguese,and Italian languages may be easily mastered."

"I agree with you; and I am glad to find that you have such good intentions. The Italian, after all, is only the Latin emasculated. and the Portuguese is but a softened dialect of the Spanish, freed from its Arabic gutturals, By the bye, did you ever chance to pay any attention to the Arabic and Turkish languages?"

("Oh, Lord!" thought Frank, "what language will he think of next!")

"I cannot say that I have."

"They are pursuits which are not usual, certainly; but a young man like yourself, who has no anxieties to distract him, might do well to apply himself to their study as a recreation.

The Turkish is a very expressive, though sententious language. You are aware, of course, that the Turkish bears the same relation to the Arabic that the Italian does to the Latin—though the Persian is the language of their literati, if such an honorable epithet can be allowed to their very grave and very ignorant professors."

"The characters of their written language," Frank ventured to observe, "present a revolting difficulty to the ordinary student."

"They do at first; but that is a difficulty soon got over; and their signifying their vowels by points instead of letters, like the Hebrew, has its advantages. However, I agree with you, that the perplexity of their written characters forms an almost insuperable bar to the general acquisition of their language; and their obstinate prejudices are a further hindrance to any attempt at the adoption of a more popular form of alphabet. So that they can know as little of us in a literary way, as we do of them."

"And their reading of our writings from right to left," observed Frank, "as they do their own, cannot convey to them much information of the meaning of European authors."

Mr. —— smiled at this sally.

"But of all the languages which it was ever my lot to hear familiarly," he continued, "the Russian is the least inviting. How they contrive to communicate their ideas in it, is a puzzle to me! To be sure, they have very few ideas to communicate. The words of their barbarous tongue seem to correspond with the measureless extent of their country—they are without end, and it may be said, almost without beginning. But here we are at Harwich."

"Thank God!" thought Frank; for he began to be in fear of the questions of this terrible linguist, and he felt his Greek and Latin sink into humiliating insignificance, in contrast with the practical utility of living tongues spoken by existing nations.

"And now, my young friend," said Mr.——,

I must put you in harness. You would infinitely oblige me, if you would take charge of all the little matters relating to our travelling expenses. Here are a hundred pounds —somewhere—I desired that it should be put up in foreign gold. Oh! here it is—in my little *sac de nuit:* will you do me the favor to take charge of it; and it would still further oblige me, if you would keep a memorandum of our expenditure: I like to be exact in my accounts. But you must take care, or you will be sadly puzzled by the different sorts of coins that you will meet with on the route that we are going."

They slept at Harwich, which gave Frank the opportunity of writing short letters to Colonel Yelloley and Mr. Lesley, thanking the first for his assistance, and communicating to the latter the sudden change in the aspect of his affairs.

After the usual delays of the intricate navigation of that part of the opposite coast, they arrived at Helvoetsluys, and thence proceeded

to Rotterdam, where Frank suddenly found himself in the midst of round faces, bulky persons, painted houses, and varnished shutters and trek-schuyts. So great an abundance did there appear of the universal varnish, that the very women seemed to have applied it to their smiling faces, so clean and shining did they appear—that is, the young ones. From Rotterdam, they journeyed by land and water to Gorcum, and thence to Bois le Duc, on which occasion, they had the honour to be driven (as he considered it) by the late coachman of Marshal Davoust, who, in their various stoppages, took occasion to indoctrinate his auditors with such political and military knowledge as had come within the sphere of a jehu's observation during some of Napoleon's campaigns. Thence proceeding by the way of Eindhoven, Loemel, Hechtel, and Winterslagh, they reached Maestricht, sleeping only one night on their road, and arrived, after dark, at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frank looked out eagerly, on his entrance

into that valetudinarian refuge of Germany, for some of those grandeurs which he had pictured to himself must accompany the sojourn of so many potentates of the highest rank and celebrity; but he could observe nothing but some gloomy and narrow streets, which a drizzling rain rendered still less attractive. The place looked as dull and as uninviting as an English country town on a rainy day.

With much difficulty, and after considerable delay, in being bandied about from one hotel to another, they were glad to secure two small bed-rooms at the Hotel de l'Europe. Fatigued with his rapid journey, Frank was glad to go bed. The smallness of his dormitory reminded him rather disagreeably of his two-pair back in Gray's Inn Lane. But he soon fell asleep, and dreamed that he was elected Emperor of Germany, and was in the act of placing the imperial crown on Clara's head, amidst the shouts and congratulations of an admiring multitude, when suddenly the scene changed. He was again in his garret in

Gray's Inn Lane, where the dancing-master was twirling round with supernatural velocity, accompanying his gyrations with frantic flourishes on his violin, when one of the strings, breaking with a tremendous twang, awoke him.

For a moment, he fancied in his drowsiness, that he was in Gray's Inn Lane, and that it was necessary for him to rouse himself to resume his duties as copying-clerk. But the style of the room, and a certain foreign savour of blended scents which he sniffed up, dispelled the momentary illusion; and presently the sounds of a harp, and of voices singing, which proceeded from the ground-floor, assured him that the latter part of his dream had been suggested by a present reality. Looking at his watch, he was horrified to find it was ten o'clock. Ashamed of being in bed at such an hour, and fearing that Mr. —— might have wanted his assistance, he hastily dressed himself, and descended into the public room.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Great Allies are met in solemn state,
To fix by their decree a nation's fate!
Vast of red tape and wax is the consumption :—
While pitying angels smile at man's presumption."
"Congress." *A Satire.*

He found Mr ——, seated at one of the little tables. He received Frank's excuses very good-humouredly :—

"There is no necessity to make any apologies; I am very glad that you have had a good night's rest, for I am sure you required it after our hurried journey to this place. And now to breakfast. But I will take this opportunity to give you the result of the experience of an

old man; and that is—that it is sometimes very dangerous to let people find out that they can do without you."

After a breakfast, which Frank, by the diligent use of his knife and fork, justified in its appellation of "à la fourchette," he went to work with Mr ——.

"Here are plenty of letters to copy. I hope you write quick."

Thought Frank to himself, "I am copying-clerk again! Thank Heaven for the difference in the manner and the matter of it!"

After five hours of hard work, which Frank's practised fingers rapidly despatched, they rode out to the Lausberg Hill, the favourite resort of the inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle in the summer time, but little frequented in the winter.

Returning to dinner at their hotel, Mr —— was agreeably surprised at being accosted by an old acquaintance, whom he had met at St. Petersburgh. The stranger, who had a foreign air, and who was dressed in a plain uni-

form, spoke in English with a Scotch accent, and seemed, from his discourse, to be a person of some consideration. In the meantime, Frank's ears were regaled on all sides by the frequent repetition of high titles, which indicated that he was surrounded by princes, dukes, excellencies, generals, and counts as plenty as blackberries. So great was the change from his late lodging in Gray's Inn Lane, that he began to doubt whether he was not one of a party at a masquerade, so incongruous was the outward appearance and style of dress of the individuals at the various tables, with their apparent rank and pretensions.

His attention to the novel scene before him was called off by Mr. ——, who introduced him to Sir ——, taking the opportunity to pay him some flattering compliments on his talents and great discretion.

"And how is the health of your emperor?" asked Mr. ——. "I hope you take care of him."

"Oh, he is in excellent health!—robust—

really quite vulgar, as you say in England—but I have sad trouble with him, and am obliged to scold him sometimes."

"It is well," said Mr. ——, "that an emperor will bear scolding."

"Oh, he minds me pretty well! He is terribly afraid of getting fat, and that makes him very particular in his diet. He is in constant apprehension besides of being out of order, although his constitution is sound and his health excellent. He makes me examine him all over nearly every morning, and if there is the slightest spot about him he scolds me. But I cannot get him into the regular way that I wish. His military campaigns have given him irregular habits of eating and sleeping, which disturbs us all terribly sometimes."

"It is something for a kingly head to be able to sleep at all," said Mr. ——.

"Yes, but he goes to sleep after a kingly fashion, just when the inclination seizes him, no matter what confusion he causes to all the

people about him. He will lie down on the first couch he comes to, at any hour of the day or night, and fall asleep; and then they have to cover him up and wait till he wakes, for they do not dare to disturb him. And when he wakes, whatever may be the hour of the day or night, he expects that, of course, every one is ready to attend on him and to hold a council. For as he has had his sleep, he presumes that all the people about him have had theirs, and are ready to go to business."

"Not a very agreeable life that."

"It makes them grumble sometimes, I assure you; that is, among themselves, of course. But as often as I can find the opportunity when he lies down in the daytime, I take the liberty to rouse him up, for you know a physician is more despotic even than an emperor."

"And how does he bear that?"

"He takes it very good-naturedly in the main. He scolds a little, and insists on hav-

ing his sleep out. And then I say to him, 'Get up—get up! Why, you will get as fat as a pig. Too much sleep is bad for you, and in the daytime it is not so natural and refreshing as at night. You will grow torpid,' I say to him, 'and your head will get full of blood!' And at another time I will say, 'What, an emperor and always asleep! get up, for shame!' and then he will rouse himself, and although he is sometimes a little cross at the time, he is pleased with my frankness, and would be really displeased with me if I were to give way to him and allow him to injure his health, from a weakness which would be culpable on my part, and unworthy of his confidence in me.

"But he is a great and noble character," said Mr. ——, with some enthusiasm. "For my part, I entirely agree with Madame de Staël in her estimation of the man. He would be an estimable gentleman in any position in life, and his sound sense and acquirements enable him 'to measure himself with other

men,' as Madame de Staël expresses it, without apprehension of feeling inferiority."

"He is more and better than that," said Sir ——. "He is one of the kindest-hearted and most amiable men that ever existed; and all who have the opportunity of approaching his person and of enjoying his confidence, become irresistibly attached to him, and entertain for him not less affectionate regard as a man than they do respect and admiration of him as the ruler of a mighty empire. All his impulses are noble and generous, and he has a desire quite religious to act justly and to do all the good in his power."

Mr. —— withdrawing at this moment to attend to a communication from one of the foreign ministers, Sir —— recommenced the conversation with Frank, addressing him in Latin, speaking it with the continental accent which, to an English ear, is as difficult to be understood as its sound is disagreeable. On Frank avowing his inability to speak in that language, although he could contrive to gather

Sir ——'s meaning sufficiently well to understand him, that gentleman expressed his surprise that a young man of good education should not be able to make use of Latin in conversation, observing that it was the distinction of all men of pretensions to learning or science on the Continent, and especially in the north of Europe, to be able to read and write Latin with fluency and precision. He undertook to prove also that the continental mode of pronunciation was the correct one, which he supported by many learned arguments evincing considerable erudition ; and the better to illustrate his opinion, he did Frank the favour to recite various passages from the Eclogues and Æneid of Virgil, which almost drove him mad, so grievously did the mixture of Scotch brogue and continental accent wound his Etonian ears with their cacophonous intonations.

He was relieved from a situation which was growing dangerous by the return of Mr. ——; and on Sir —— proposing that

they should adjourn to the theatre, at which it was expected the Emperor of Russia would be present, they repaired thither accordingly; Mr. —— taking the opportunity to inform Frank by the way that his new acquaintance was the confidential physician of the Emperor of Russia, and at the head of all the medical departments of the empire; the practice and distribution of medicine in that systematic country being, like all other matters public and private, under the special administration of that excessively paternal government.

In a few minutes they found themselves in the orchestre of an excessively crowded little theatre, in which, however, there was not the slightest manifestation of the pushing and jostling common at English theatres on occasions of interest. But the performance being in German (which gave Frank the idea of the actors making desperate attempts to speak English if they knew how) was not particularly edifying, though abundantly amusing in its comic pantomime. There happened to be

no one of very particular distinction there that night, but Frank could not help observing one individual with a subdued restlessness of demeanour, who seemed very fidgetty to hear and see everything that was going on before and behind the scenes, as well as everything that everybody was saying or doing in all the boxes.

Frank was annoyed with himself at not being able to make out what the people on the stage were talking about, and after sitting there some time, and regretting that he did not understand German, he left the theatre, and in a restless mood strolled about the town. Seeing "Billiards" inscribed over the door of a decent-looking place, he entered the room, and found there the fidgetty gentleman whom he had observed at the theatre, and who was engaged in the melancholy occupation of playing by himself, spot against plain.

The stranger, without ceremony, accosting Frank in English, invited him to join him, and they played a few games very sociably to-

gether, the unknown talking the whole time, and abounding in all sorts of anecdotes, political, theatrical, literary, and personal, and seeming to be intimately acquainted with all the sayings and doings of all the sovereigns and of all the residents and visitors in Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frank was delighted with the conversation of the stranger, and an acquaintance was established on the spot—not without many attempts, however, on the part of his new friend to discover his name, pedigree, residence, and business at Aix-la-Chapelle; in the pursuit of which inquiries he exhibited address and ingenuity from which it was almost impossible to escape, puzzling Frank to make out who and what his merciless interrogator was, who seemed to know everything and to be insatiable in his curiosity. It was not until some days afterwards that he ascertained that he was neither an adventurer nor a government spy, but a most entertaining and intelligent gentleman connected with the London press, whose duty

it was to penetrate all the resolves of Congress before they were formed, and to embellish the columns of his newspaper with information and anecdotes sufficient, if possible, to satisfy the cormorant appetite of the English public.

They parted, mutually pleased with each other, the stranger promising to call next morning at his hotel. Frank little thought at the time how much this accidental meeting was to influence his course of life on a future occasion.

The next day, more hard work, copying letters and arranging papers. In the evening, he accompanied Mr. —— to a concert at the Redoute, at which the incomparable Catalani, then in the maturity of her charms, having seen her fortieth birthday, sang before the great people of the place. There were only three or four English persons present, among whom Frank perceived his acquaintance of the billiard-table.

He had the opportunity, on this occasion, of observing the remarkable difference of foreign

customs, in respect to the homage paid to talent by the highest rank, compared with the customs of his own country.

On this occasion, he observed that the Emperor of Russia rose up and gave his hand to Catalani every time that she ascended a sort of dais, round which the great personages sat, and also when she had concluded her song. This was done with a gallantry and an easy dignity, strikingly in contrast with the proud condescension sometimes exhibited by the wealthy in England towards those distinguished only by their talents or celebrity.

It was a day or two after this, that Mr. —— invited Frank to take a walk with him.

"I am going to visit a countryman of ours, who is a greater man here even than he is at home—for abroad, the arts are appreciated for their own sake, and their professors are esteemed more for their personal qualifications than their fortunes."

"I have heard that remark often made in England," Frank ventured to remark; "fo-

reigners complain that nothing but money is an introduction to English society."

"That is true to a certain extent—and in a rich commercial country it can hardly be otherwise. In a country in which the numbers of the rich, who form its society, are so great, an aspirant to its membership can be judged of only by the outward and visible signs which accompany his position. Eminence in any profession or pursuit is presumed to lead to success, and as it is the custom of society to make manifest the result of that success in the appearance of its establishments, in the case of your not being able to do so, the inference is, that you have failed in your pursuit or profession; and that therefore you are a person without pretensions to entitle you to the same social rank as those who have succeeded. But we are at the door of one whose success is as undoubted as it is well merited."

Saying this, they ascended to the apartment of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

They found that modest and distinguished

artist at his easel, busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to the portrait of the Emperor Alexander, intended for the Prince Regent of England.

Mr. —— introduced his protégé, and then broke out into loud exclamations at the mistake which he insisted the artist had made, in representing an historical character in a costume so unclassic and unbecoming.

"Why, you have made him exactly like a plain English gentleman walking down Pall Mall!"

"You could not have paid him and me a higher compliment," replied Sir Thomas; "for that is precisely the character in which he insisted on being painted. I remonstrated with him as much as I could—for I trembled at the task—and talked to him of posterity; but in vain—everything English is all the rage with him, and he has insisted on being made to look like a plain English gentleman in his ordinary walking-dress, and you see all I

have been able to make of it. Being fair, his countenance has quite an English look."

"True; and a good-humoured one it is. But it must have been rather an awkward task, to assimilate the Majesty of all the Russias with the person of a rather corpulent middle-aged English gentleman. Our dress, to be sure, is a very convenient one for moving about in, but sadly ungraceful on canvas, as a whole-length especially."

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "I am glad that in your opinion I have succeeded so well in fulfilling the Emperor's injunctions, and in return for your compliment, I will shew you my gem."

Saying this, he produced from some sacred crypt a nearly-finished portrait of the Duke de Richelieu.

"This," said Sir Thomas, with enthusiasm, "is the finest specimen of the old French nobleman I ever beheld. You will see the De Richelieu of course, as he is here as the representative of France at Congress. This," added Sir

Thomas, "is a labour of love. I never saw a more magnificent head, or a more noble style of countenance—and so marked, too. You may easily imagine that such a head could raise a great and flourishing town out of a swamp, and give a new feature to the borders of the Black Sea, as the Duke de Richelieu has effected at Odessa. The others," he said, pointing to portraits of the Emperor of Austria, of the King of Prussia, and one or two more, "I paint because it is my profession; not but that I esteem it a great honor to have been selected for the duty—but this I paint for myself."

After this exhibition of an enthusiasm so contrary to his usual habit of mild and modest reserve, he turned the face of his treasure to the wall, to preserve it from the profanation of vulgar eyes. Frank could not help being warm in his admiration of that magnificent head, and it happened that his encomiums were so appropriately expressed—having the good luck particularly to admire some points

which were cherished with especial affection by the accomplished artist—that Sir Thomas asked him if he was himself a painter.

"Because," he said, "you speak almost like one of the profession."

"No," said Frank; and here a sorrowful expression came over his countenance. "I have no profession."

"Except the diplomatic," said Mr. ——, taking his leave.

"The remarkable tact of Sir Thomas Lawrence," said Mr. ——, on leaving the artist's studio, "has arisen very much, in my opinion, from the amiable disposition of the man, which prompts him to look always at the best side of things. He is one, now, who would never fix his attention on your ugly leg, but would set himself to work to bring out the merits of the good-looking one. People say that he paints too much *en beau;* in short, that he flatters in his portraits."

"In that case, they would not be portraits."

"No; not if done vulgarly; I mean by

an unpoetical and vulgar mind. But Lawrence has the art of representing people at their best, and of hitting off a likeness so as to fix on the canvas the very best looks of the original, without flattering; of endowing his portraits with the air which becomes their cast of countenance, and of stamping on them the characteristic expression of their peculiar intellectuality. Ordinary artists paint portraits like blocks of wood; very correct as to features and outlines, but without souls to animate them. But, it may be said, that the light of his brilliant genius is infused into Lawrence's pictures, which illumines them with its own brightness. He certainly has the rare faculty of impressing his portraits with that agreeableness, and at the same time, truthfulness of resemblance which has made him the most popular artist in Europe. And now, I must leave you to amuse yourself. Remember that you are to join a large party to dinner at six; I dare say you will not forget that, in the evening, you are to be present at the grand

ball to be given at the Redoute, by the Burgomaster to the allied sovereigns."

But the notes of occurrences relating to personages of such importance, deserve the distinction of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

. . . . . .

" Balls, plays, and concerts, and all sorts of fun;
Old foes—now friends—are mixed in royal mobs;
Russia sports jokes—Great Britain makes a pun—
While France with Prussia gaily hobanobs!"
" CONGRESS." *A Satire.*

IN a large saloon in the Hôtel de l'Europe, about thirty persons were assembled, among whom Frank immediately recognised the ubiquitous member of the London press.

That insinuating gentleman was pleased to attach himself particularly to Mr. Frank Coverley, and when they sat down to table, he found his inquisitive acquaintance by his side. Beyond him was a Russian officer of rank,

and on Frank's left was another foreigner, neither of whom understood one word of English, so that the inditer of paragraphs was enabled to indulge in his loquacious propensities without reserve. There were only five other Englishmen at the dinner, among whom was Mr. ——; Sir Thomas Lawrence; Sir Charles ——; a remarkable looking person, with a countenance full of thought; and a clergyman, whom a singular accident had led to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The dinner passed off, as dinners usually do, when there is a mixture of nations at the same table; there was an abundance of talking in Russian, German, and French, and, as it seemed to Frank, a prodigious consumption of provisions on the part of the foreign members of the company. The foreign officer, on his right, attracted his especial observation.

That distinguished personage displayed powers of mastication which astonished Frank's inexperienced faculties; but what most

amused him, was the grandee's demolition of a prodigious cauliflower, which figured as an independent plât. Drawing that savoury vegetable within the vortex of his own destructive powers, in an incredibly short space of time he cleared it away, root and branch, and then, to Frank's horror, proceeded to spoon up its only accompaniment, licking it down with unequivocal satisfaction, and concluding the feat by polishing the dish with huge pieces of bread, which latter sauce-absorbing vehicle he seemed to count as nothing in his vast repast.

Frank observed Mr. —— gazing furtively through his glass at the entertaining exhibition, and musing, as it seemed philosophically, and as one curious in observing the habits of different animals; but without betraying any outward symptoms of emotion beyond a slight shuddering, invisible to any one but a close observer. But Mr. Parr was not so reserved in expressing his astonishment:—

"Do you see our friend on the right?" he

said to Frank; "he seems to be enjoying himself, doesn't he? I remember when a Russian ship put in at Portsmouth, the town suddenly found itself in darkness one night, from an attack of the Russian sailors on the oil lamps. It was a temptation they could not resist, and they sucked the wicks quite dry. I can't vouch for the fact myself, but so the story went, and it made a very good *par* at the time. It seems that the predilection for oily matter is not confined to their lower orders; however, every nation has its customs, as the French proverb says. And I really think soldiers and sailors play a better knife and fork than other people, from a sort of instinctive precaution to secure as much provender as possible while they have the opportunity; for there's no knowing, in a campaign, when or where you may have your next rations. I don't know whether you are in the service," added Mr. Parr to Frank, "but somebody told me you were."

"I have not that honor," said Frank.

"Ah, perhaps the bar? that's the only profession for a gentleman."

"You are wrong again."

"I see you are, like me, an idle gentleman."

"I hope not an idle one," said Frank, a little pettishly, for he was vexed at being cross-examined after this fashion. "The plain fact is, that I am not pursuing any profession."

"Just like me; and you are lucky not to be in want of one. Not but that I—but that's no matter. Do you see that remarkable looking person sitting near the top of the table?"

"Which?"

"The one with that long round tin case beside him, like a marshal's baton, only a little longer and thicker."

"What does he carry that thing about with him for?"

"I'll tell you; I see you don't know him. That is Mr. Square, the great philanthropist,

and he really is what he is called, for he is in earnest, and he has proved that he is in earnest, by spending more than thirty thousand pounds of his own money in his plans to carry out his system."

"And what is his system?"

"He calls it a new view of society. It is too long to be told here; but, in brief, it is to reform the whole human race, and to make them all love and assist, instead of hating and struggling against one another, and to live in parallelograms; and all this he designates the co-operative, in distinction to the competitive system, which prevails at present."

"And does he really imagine that he can effect such miracles?"

"Oh, he is quite in earnest; and he has been fully persuaded, for years past, that his system is on the eve of universal accomplishment. He has had meetings in London on his project, at one of which the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Sussex were present—the Duke of Kent in the chair—and there was a

regular flare up. A committee was appointed —all in style—to investigate the merits of the system, and they had many meetings at the Freemason's Tavern, the Duke of Kent acting as chairman. I ought to say, that the Duke did no more than lend the sanction of his name and influence to the investigation of a plan, which—it was seriously thought by many at the time—might be made, in an effectual manner, to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Indeed, no one of the committee could be called supporters of Mr. Square's plan; they were only inquirers; and I remember some of the members cut up the financial and statistical parts of his system most unmercifully. But the sincerity of Mr. Square's own conviction, the earnestness of his manner, and the importance of his proposal, gained him hearers from many great people; and it is curious, that he always leaves them perfectly satisfied that they are entirely convinced of the truth and practicability of his system, and that they are eager to co-operate

with him. But he is not aware how prodigious an effect the sight of that tin case has in reducing his inquirers to silence."

"How is that?"

"I was going to tell you. In that awful instrument is contained a curious illustration of his system, drawn on an immense sheet of paper, and displaying a terrific array of figures, angles, and explanatory notes. When he visits any eminent person, whom he desires especially to convert, he arms himself with that terrible weapon, and drawing forth his diagram, as a warrior draws his sword, he girts himself up for the encounter. One dose generally is sufficient, but a second is infallible. No one has yet been able to bear a repetition of the infliction of the diagram. No sooner, therefore, does a victim behold the dreadful preparation, than a struggle ensues, the one to hold outstretched the awful paper, and the other to roll it up again. But Mr. Square is not a man to be easily baffled; indeed, his patience and placidity of temper, and his real and sin-

cere benevolence of character, would alone entitle him to philanthropic canonization, and he is generally victorious for a time. The only resource of his hearers is to declare that they are quite convinced of the utility and practicability of his system for parallelogramatizing mankind, but that they doubt, as a saving clause to their conscience, if the present is precisely the time for carrying it into effect. And then the amiable enthusiast goes away, and proclaims that Mr. A——, or Lord B——, is quite convinced of the truth of his system, and that the whole world is ready to join in its execution. But they tell a droll story of the Princess Frowzywowzki."

"Pray tell it," said Frank.

"Mr. Square certainly is the most indefatigable reformer that ever set up in the trade. He attacks everybody—man, woman, and child, high and low, no one comes amiss to him, and he can talk through a deal board. There is another eccentric character, who goes about converting the Jews—I will tell you

about him presently—that man is one of the most terrible talkers that ever fastened on a victim, but Square beats him hollow. The converter of Jews knocks you down with blows like sledge-hammers, but Square walks into you like an American auger, never loosening his hold, and sticking to you like a barnacle; only give him the slightest opening, and he has you fixed. He once attacked an unfortunate banker in the city, who had the rashness to allow himself to interfere in Square's parallelograms, but who soon found that he must either give up business, or leave the system of parallelograms to work its own way, and he made a solemn vow that he would have nothing more to do with it. Square called on him, and found him in that humour. The banker continued standing, with his hands in his pockets, in order that his visitor might comprehend that his time was precious, and that he did not want him to sit down. But Square was imperturbable.

"'I really must decline any further con-

versation,' said the banker; and he put on the frown with which he looked at a bad bill.

"'But you cannot deny,' said Square, 'that the condition of the poor requires amelioration.'

"'I wont deny or admit anything,' said the banker.

"'But you must admit that you cannot judge of the truth, or the contrary, of my views, without hearing the explanation of them!'

"'I will admit nothing,' said the banker, looking at him as if he was a customer who had overdrawn his account, 'except that I am determined not to hear any more about it.'

"'That is quite enough,' replied the immovable Square; 'and by your own admission you are so blinded by the prejudices which have been instilled into you from the present erroneous ideas of society, that you cannot bear to be convinced even of your own unhappy and miserable state under the pre-

sent social system, nor to be shewn the means of changing it into one of perfect happiness, and freedom from prejudice and error. But what you say makes it an imperative duty on my part to explain fully to you, and in the minutest parts, the whole of my system.'

"So the banker was forced to give in at last, for nothing could withstand the forty-horse power of that awful diagram."

"But what of Square and the princess?"

"Oh, the Princess Frowzywowzki—I had forgot. You must know that Square wrote a letter to the Russian princess, as she had a reputation for great benevolence of character, and treated the slaves on her estate with a consideration which was a model for the land-owners of Russia. An interview was appointed, and in due course Square was introduced, with his diagram.

"The women's curiosity was a good deal excited to know what was in the tin case, fancying, perhaps, that it might possibly con-

tain an entire parallelogramic town, like the fairy tent, which could be squeezed up in the hand, or expanded for the covering of an army; and they listened with most exemplary patience to Mr. Square's explanations, which were conveyed to the princess and her ladies through the medium of a female interpreter. But on Mr. Square's offering to shew them his diagram, and the interpreter being puzzled to render the meaning of that novel word in the Russian tongue, she gave the word itself, which, with her hesitation and manifest confusion, and the mysterious sound of the strange word, frightened the princess and her ladies, who thought, perhaps, that it might mean some new sort of explosive fire-arm; and as women have a great fear of such things—for they are always afraid to be left alone in a room with a pistol, lest it should go off of itself, and do them a mischief,—they made a precipitate retreat, the Princess Frowzywowzki leading the van, and leaving Mr. Square, with

his tin case and his diagram, to finish the affair with the interpreter."

"You describe a strange character."

"It made a great laugh at the time, I can assure you; and the best of the joke is, that Mr. Square insists that the princess was obliged to leave the room because she was overcome with his pathetic description of the miseries of the human race under the present vicious system of society; for, as he says, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and seemed to be affected in a most extraordinary way."

"See—he is taking off the top of his tin case, and declaiming earnestly to that bald-headed gentleman beside him."

"Yes, he is never without his diagram. He feels, from experience, the potency of its effect in reducing his opponents to silence, although he does not seem to be aware of the reason of its magic action. He tried its efficacy yesterday on Count Nesselrode, for Mr.

Square has come to Congress on purpose to have personal interviews with the allied sovereigns and foreign ministers on the subject of his new view of society. The Count inherits the courage of his brave ancestors, and is not less skilful in the cabinet than in the field, as the saying is; but on this occasion he was obliged to succumb to the irresistible argument of Mr. Square. He battled manfully for half an hour, when Square, finding the field going against him, drew out his diagram from his tin case. The sight of the figures, angles, and notes, and the determined air of Mr. Square to explain them all before he went away, was too much for the diplomatist and soldier. Calling to his aid the astuteness of the former character, he dexterously possessed himself of the diagram, and returning it to its case, which he retained inflexibly in his hand in spite of Square's desperate attempts to regain possession of it, he assured his visitor that he was perfectly satisfied—quite—and that there was not the least occasion for any further explan-

ations. Mr. Square, therefore, was obliged to conclude his prelection, and he now boasts of the Russian minister as one of the most decided of his supporters."

"That must have been a droll scene. But look—Mr. Square has laid the top of his case on the table, and the bald-headed gentleman has got hold of it, and is trying to fix it on again."

"Yes, he knows Square of old, and he trembles at the unscrewing of that tin case as he would at the opening of another Pandora's box."

"Who is he? It strikes me there is something peculiar in his physiognomy."

"If you only mentioned that word physiognomy before him, you would make him your friend for life, for he is an enthusiastic physiognomist. His story is a remarkable one. He was a young man without fortune; and, if I remember the facts correctly, a barrister without much practice, though his abilities would very likely have advanced him to some eminence in his profession. But his habits

happened to lead him into conversation with an old gentleman who frequented the same coffee-house; and the old gentleman took a fancy to him, and thought that he might be made serviceable in carrying out the grand design and passion of his life."

"And what was that?"

"It was an odd one—to convert the Jews."

"To convert the Jews!"

"Yes, to convert the Jews to Christianity. The young barrister paid attention to the eccentric enthusiast's discourse—at first from curiosity, and afterwards from interest; and the end of it was, that the old gentleman made a will in favour of the young barrister, and shortly after had the complaisance to die, leaving him four hundred thousand pounds."

"And what did he do with it?"

"Oh, he faithfully adhered to the conditions of the bequest—which were, that he should take orders, and devote his life to the conversion of the Jews. His first act was to purchase an estate, for which he gave two hun-

dred and fifty thousand pounds; and ever since he has diligently pursued his task of endeavouring to convince the obstinate Israelites of the fulfilment of the prophecy respecting the coming of the Messiah."

"And, pray, how has he succeeded?"

"But indifferently, I believe. The sincere Jews refuse to be converted on any terms; and the baser of their tribes insist on having money down for their conversion; and his proselytes continually threaten the parson with a relapse unless their faith is sustained by supplemental donations, so that the poor man's life is worn out with the knaveries of his mercenary disciples."

"And is he trying to convert the Jews of Germany?"

"That is precisely what he is come to Congress for. He has laid before the allied sovereigns a plan for the conversion of the outcast Israelites into Christianized members of a civilized community. It is said, that the Emperor of Russia, in reply to his represen-

tations, that the conversion of the Jews in his dominions would be a vast benefit to his empire, by the improvement of the morality of that over-reaching race, who at present exercise their fleecing power without control on his simple people, said, that, if they could find any Jew clever enough to cheat one of his Russians, he would consent to be made a Jew himself. But—look! The contest between the Converter and the Diagramist is becoming warm! Two to one on the tin case! I am right; Square has drawn out his diagram—now comes the tug of war! No! the antagonist of Judaism turns tail! He flies the contest! And now, see—Square points his tin-case successively at the company! They all abandon the field, and I must do so too, or I shall be nailed as the next victim; he looks on me as legitimate prey. Good evening, for the present; I suppose I shall see you at the Redoute?"

The company presently dispersed, and Frank proceeded to give some finishing touches to his

costume, and Mr. —— having already left, he repaired to the Redoute alone.

He presented his ticket; fancied he was rigidly scrutinized, though in a perfectly quiet and polite way, by one of the attendant door-keepers, and in another moment he found himself in the midst of one of the most remarkable and brilliant assemblies ever gathered together at any time or in any part of the world.

There were present on that celebrated night, and in the room at the same time, forming a galaxy of eminent persons, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, with his two sons two of the most elegant young men of their time, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Count Metternich, the Duke de Richelieu, Prince Hardenburgh, Nesselrode, Bernstoff, Esterhazy, and other great but less distinguished personages, forming altogether an assemblage of nearly fifteen hundred persons; the men in every variety of handsome uniform, and covered with stars and crosses, and the women,

among whom the most conspicuous were Lady Castlereagh and the Princess of Salms, glittering with jewels.

The Emperor of Russia shone with that joyous hilarity of countenance which sat so well on him; but the features of the Emperor of Austria presented that subdued expression which seemed to say, that he had suffered almost all that a crowned head could be called on to suffer, and that he was ready to submit with resignation to any further calamity with which the designs of Providence might make it necessary to afflict him.

The King of Prussia could not shake off, even on that occasion of public festivity, the melancholy air which was habitual to his expressive countenance. The Emperor Alexander was certainly the admitted hero of the night, though the Duke of Wellington met with the marked deference of all the great personages assembled.

The representative of Great Britain, Lord Castlereagh, that kindhearted and accom-

plished nobleman, whose good and superior qualities were so inadequately appreciated by the vulgar in his own country, seemed out of spirits, as Mr. —— remarked to Frank, when they returned to their hotel; he exhibited on that night, a marked depression and an air of sadness, which, whether it arose from some constitutional affection, or from being overweighted with the burden of affairs, and with the difficulty of maintaining a position of preponderance at Congress, could not fail to excite observation. A few years after, when that lamentable event occurred, which shewed how a strong mind could be broken down by the pressure of political exigencies and other painful considerations, those who then observed him recalled to mind the air of exhaustion and fixed sadness which Lord Castlereagh bore on that memorable night of state festivity at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frank stood for a few moments at the entrance of the room, surveying with intense interest the brilliant assemblage before him.

He then passed the threshold, and was proceeding to add his own important person to the number of august personages assembled, when he found the way blocked by a plain-looking gentleman, beyond the middle term of life, who was making one in a quadrille—a pastime, it seemed, rather out of character with one of his age and serious aspect. In the same set figured conspicuously, a short, fat man, who was no less than the burgomaster himself, and whose elephantine capers presented a most ludicrous specimen of corporative agility, not the less so from their being in contrast with the earnest gravity of his face; for the fat man danced as if he was formally executing some political and diplomatic movements with his feet, with a most painful attention, it seemed, to the number, measure, and quality of his evolutions.

The plain-looking gentleman, after executing some steps with much nonchalance, but with a most serious expression of countenance, regarding all the while, with much compla-

cency, the studied exertions of the burgomaster, placed himself near the doorway, obstructing the free ingress of Mr. Frank.

That young gentleman took the liberty, therefore, to offer a gentle hint to the inconvenient individual in his way, by a slight touch on his arm, to intimate that he was preventing the ingress of a personage, not less important, perhaps, than himself; a hint which the plain-looking gentleman acknowledged, by stepping on one side, and making a polite bow of apology, which Frank returned by a graceful inclination, to intimate that he was sensible of the proper behaviour of the individual, and might remember him again on a fitting occasion.

As he raised up his eyes to cross the room, he observed his billiard acquaintance, who had been watching his movements, and who raised up his hands in an attitude of amazement as he approached.

"What is the matter?" asked Frank; "you seem to be surprised at something."

"Surprised! I think I am! Do you know who it was that you twitched round so unceremoniously just now?"

"I merely gave the intimation that one gentleman gives to another when he stands in his way."

"Well! that gentleman was the Emperor of Austria. Oh! you'll be hanged to-morrow morning, that's certain; and it will make a nice little paragraph!"

"Make a paragraph! I don't want to make a paragraph! But what do you mean by your eternal paragraphs?"

"Oh, never mind! See, here comes the Emperor of Russia; now, I dare say, he flatters himself he looks like an English gentleman—but he doesn't; but it's not a bad imitation. Blue coat, with brass buttons, buttoned-up white waistcoat, and white kerseymere breeches—white silk stockings, shoes and buckles—(make a good paragraph)—there's a dress for an Emperor! He is not a bad-looking man, though—rather handsome—at least the women think so."

"He has a very good-natured look," said Frank.

"He has; and that's his character. He is what may be called an amiable man—likes the women to admire him. See, they are going to dance the Polonaise; that's the dance of ceremony. Each gentleman takes the hand of a lady, and walks with her round the rooms; and look at the women! How they are all perking themselves up, and trying to look amiable. Odd set, aren't they?"

"I can't say," said Frank, "that the specimens we see before us are strikingly handsome."

"And yet, if there was any beauty in Germany, one might suppose it would be seen here. Singular faces, are they not? all so short—and that makes them wear their hair off their foreheads as far as they can, to lengthen the profile. But they have a Tartar look, after all—the Russians especially. But there are some pretty faces among them—very—here and there. And here comes the Emperor of Russia again; now he will take another lady. Look at them,

smiling with all their might. By George! I thought so. See! he has picked out the prettiest—and he is no bad judge, and has plenty of practice, if all accounts are true. And look at the girl—bursting with pride and joy at such an honor, which will be handed down to succeeding generations; and all the others, how they hate her. Well, that's a good scene—(make a good paragraph.)"

"What the deuce can he mean," thought Frank, "with his eternal paragraphs."

"There's Lord Castlereagh—a good fellow, not without a bit of the blarney in him. But he looks melancholy: I wonder if he is ill. I must find out. He certainly does look very melancholy—but the representative of England ought not to look melancholy — something the matter—I must find it out. Perhaps he has been snubbed. And—did you ever see such a row of diamonds as Lady Castlereagh has round her neck! I must make a note of that; just what the women like to hear about; they care nothing about politics, or how the

world goes—well or ill; but they dearly love to know how great people are dressed. You go to Lady Castlereagh's evening receptions, of course?—any thing new there? But look! Do you observe the Emperor of Russia speaking to the Duke of Wellington, and laughing? Now, I would give something to know what they are talking about."

"Perhaps," said Frank, "they are talking about the new dignity which the Emperor conferred on the Duke to-day."

"What is that?"

"I thought it was public by this time. He has conferred on him the rank of a field-marshal of the Russian empire."

"Oh, I know that."

"And as the Duke had no field-marshal's uniform to appear in at the Emperor's dinner-table to-day, his majesty accommodated him with his own coat; and the wearing of it, as you may suppose, has given rise to many jokes."

"Capital! What a splended par.! That's the

best bit of news I have picked up for a long time. But I must be off, for I have letters to write before I sleep. You'll find lots of refreshments in the ante-room."

Frank satiated himself with the sight of some of the most renowned persons of rank in Europe, and retired to rest, delighted with his day's experience, and beginning to think himself a copying clerk of some pretensions. Before he went to bed, he wrote a long letter to Mr. Lesley, and ostensibly addressed to that gentleman, but really intended for Clara. With the buoyancy of youth, his hopes began to revive, and the world no longer appeared so gloomy and dark as he had been lately accustomed to view it from his second-floor back in Gray's Inn Lane. But other scenes now arose to engage his attention.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Of all pursuits which stir up men's suspicion,
The sorriest is a trading politician."

THE PATRIOT.

"THE Emperor of Russia leaves Aix-la-Chapelle to-day," said Mr. —— to Frank, on the morning of the 22nd November, "and the Empress Mother will leave to-morrow, so we may consider that the deliberations of Congress are closed. It will be necessary for me—and this I tell you in confidence—to make another visit to Petersburgh; but that will not be till the spring; so now we may return to London."

But they found that leaving Aix-la-Cha-

pelle was not such an easy matter. The Emperor and his suite required four hundred horses for their conveyance; so that they were obliged to amuse themselves at Aix, as well as they could, till the 25th. Then returning by the route of Liege, Orege, Tirlemont, and Louvain, they stopped for a day at Brussels, where they purchased some of the relics left on the field of Waterloo, a manufactory of which articles had been established at Brussels for the accommodation of English travellers. Thence they proceeded to Ghent, and passing through Ypres, Dunkirk, and Gravelines, they reached Calais. The packet-boat was ready; they quickly crossed, and the evening after, Frank found himself, with Mr. ——, in —— Square.

"I will not detain you this evening," said Mr. ——, with considerate good nature, "because I dare say you are anxious to get home; but come and dine with me to-morrow, and we can talk over our adventures at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"Home!" thought Frank to himself, "where is that?"

Not knowing exactly what to do or where to go, he desired a coach to be called, and getting into it with his portmanteau, he desired the man to drive him to a coffee-house with which he was acquainted. When he found himself within the gloomy precincts of that dull abode, he began to consider what was to become of him.

Should he confess to Mr. —— his precarious condition? He had known him only a month, and at present he stood well with him, as a gentleman born, of good education, and with some pretensions. And into what awkward and painful explanations he would have to enter to make his case properly understood! No, that would not do. Well, he was to dine there to-morrow; he would consider, and act according to circumstances.

After the usual entertainment of a tough mutton chop, as it was too early to go to bed, and the dreary dulness of the coffee-room, reek-

ing with stale dinners and the effluvia of brandy-and-water, oppressed him, he thought of visiting his old quarters in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane. He had been absent only a few weeks, but the novelty and the interest of the scenes which he had witnessed made it appear an age; and he set out on his walk with a feeling of uncertainty as to whether he should find his lodging-house standing where it did, and its inmates still in the land of the living.

It was a dreary night, and London presented to his mind an idea of vastness and coldness that was chilling and melancholy. He wended his way in thoughtful mood through the courts and narrow lanes which led to his first resting-place in London, and knocked at the door.

"Bless me!" said his old landlady, "is it you, Mr. Coverley? I suppose you are wanting your old room again? Well, only one gentleman has been in it since you went away, and he has left, that is, he is gone dead, poor

gentleman, so, of course, he is gone away—I mean, he was carried—the Lord forgive me! But he was a very nice gentleman, and paid his rent punctual, and his friends made up his week's notice very handsome, because he couldn't give the regular notice, you see, poor young man, as he didn't know exactly when he might be called away."

Frank paused for a moment. His funds were but scanty, and he knew it was necessary to be economical. What could he do better than return to his old quarters? He determined on re-occupying them on the spot, and engaged them at once.

"To be sure, it's quite ready; and you will want a fire in it—it shall be lighted directly. Sally!"—to a slave of allwork, who appeared from the inferior regions, with a very dirty face, and a curiously minute piece of thin candle, set on a saveall in an old tin candlestick—"Sally, get ready the gentleman's room, and open the window, for perhaps the fire will smoke, as the grate hasn't been used

since the other gentleman left. Any luggage, sir?"

"I will go and fetch it." But at that moment the sound of a fiddle caught his ears, and he could not resist the inclination to see his old acquaintance.

"I will just go up stairs first, and see my old friend."

"Ah, the dancing-master, poor old gentleman! He moped a good deal at first, after you left; but he danced away his melancholics with his fiddle, and now he has come round again a bit, and talks to me as merrily as ever, though I don't understand what he says, because, I suppose, he speaks in a foreign language."

Without waiting to hear more of the landlady's communications, Frank quickly made his way up the well-remembered stairs, and beheld the dancing-master standing on one leg, and whirling himself round with great industry; and it struck Frank's fancy that, for anything he knew to the contrary, his rotatory friend

had been going round in the same position ever since he left.

The joy of the Frenchman was so excessive at the sight of his old comrade, that for a few moments he remained transfixed, with his leg outstretched in the air, gazing on Frank as on a vision. Then, in the suddenness and exuberance of his joy, and giving vent to his feelings in a manner quite professional, he set himself to turning round in successive pirouettes with extraordinary vivacity; and, concluding with some rapid capers of extempore composition, he gave some bravura flourishes on his violin, and then throwing it on his bed, welcomed Frank with the most extravagant exhibition of surprise and gladness.

As he continued dancing all the time, and performing an intricate variety of steps expressive of his intense satisfaction, it was with some difficulty that Frank could get him to stand still; but at last, seizing hold of the tails of his coat, he endeavoured to quiet him, though the dancing-master could not for some

time restrain his emotions, but continued to cut capers, with Frank holding his coat-tails, to the great hazard of the entire destruction of those unornamental appendages.

"Are you really come back—bien sur? This is a happy day! Where's my violin?—Vive la joie! You return to your old apartment, of course?"

"I shall sleep here this very night."

"Ah, well; I wish you were doing better. But never mind; you are young, and you may be something. We must have some supper."

"I have desired the landlady to get some, and, if it is agreeable to you, I will eat it in your apartment. I am now going to get my luggage from the inn."

"Agreeable to me! What could be more agreeable? Make haste, and I will prepare things in the meantime."

The supper was a merry one; the old bottle again did duty as a candlestick, to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the joyfulness of the event to the poor old dancing-master; but Frank,

when he retired to his humble room, could not shake off a feeling of melancholy and depression at the change from the brilliancy of his existence at Aix-la-Chapelle, to his two-pair back in Gray's Inn Lane. He lay awake a long time, philosophising on the vicissitudes of life, till at last fatigue overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

The next day was a busy one. His first thought was to go to the office of Mr. Fairplay, to ascertain if any progress had been made in his legal affairs; but the information was unsatisfactory. He found there, however, a letter from Mr. ——, which had been forwarded to that address early in the morning, and which enclosed a cheque for fifty pounds, with the request that he would appropriate it in aid of his expenses during his late journey, and reminding him that he was to dine at —— Square, at half-past six o'clock.

Frank could not help feeling a little twinge of painful humiliation at receiving a pecuniary compensation from one with whom he had

lately been associating on terms of gentlemanly equality; but he properly felt that it would be an exhibition of false pride to receive the kindness with any other expression than that of grateful acknowledgment, and he determined to make use of the money immediately, to repay the advance of Colonel Yelloley, as he retained nearly the whole of that sum untouched.

This repayment afforded him great satisfaction, and he dressed himself in his humble abode, with a feeling of independence which gave him confidence in his visit to Mr. ——'s.

Mr. —— was alone, and he seemed to have made that arrangement on purpose to allow the opportunity of some conversation with his young friend in respect to his future destination.

"I think you said that you had determined to go to the bar. You will excuse me for saying anything in your praise to your face, but I really think that your talents peculiarly fit you for that profession. But I am aware

that it requires time to arrive at any legal eminence. In that respect, it is like the profession of physic; a man may be very clever and very superior to older men, but the world will not give him credit for a competent knowledge of his profession until years have gone over his head."

"I am aware," said Frank, "that the study of the law requires great labour, much time, and a considerable outlay of money; for a man cannot expect to get a practice for many years, and he must live in the meantime."

"I have observed that it is so. I confess, I had a notion at one time of doing the state some service, by directing your thoughts to a diplomatic career. But the anxieties and uncertainties of a political life are so great, that I cannot in my conscience recommend any one for whom I have a regard to engage in that hazardous course. Besides, unless a man can bottom his exertions on some certain property, which you give me to understand you have not—unless he can take his stand on a footing

of independence, he is apt to be viewed in the light merely of a political adventurer, and to suffer all the slights and reverses to which such a career is exposed. And I must say, that, in my opinion, the adoption of a political life, as a mere profession and for the object of obtaining an income, is by no means indicative of a high and independent mind; and even if those qualities exist at the outset, I have observed, they have almost in every instance given way in the operation."

"Are you not too severe?" said Frank.

"I think not. The career of politics, in my opinion, is not the legitimate occupation of a poor man. I mean that career which consists in making money by his interference with public affairs. If there were no men, of established and secure fortunes, of sufficient ability to conduct the affairs of the nation, that would be another matter; and competent administrators would have to be sought from the places where they could be found. But that

is not the case. There are plenty of men of property amply competent to take on themselves the administration of public affairs; and as a great social principle, I would rather see such men in power, *cæteris paribus*, than others without the qualification of property to recommend them. But the discussion of that part of the subject would lead us away from the consideration of the question as applicable to yourself. In the choice of a career of life which you have to make, I would certainly advise you rather to attach yourself to the comparatively certain results of an honorable profession, than to the uncertain chances of political place and power."

"I thank you sincerely and gratefully for your advice," replied Frank; "and I confess it accords with my own feelings."

"I may strengthen my advice," added Mr. ——, "by giving you the result of my own observation, which has been pretty extensive. So far as the happiness of life is concerned, I may

say, that of all classes of men, none are more uneasy in their condition than those whom, for the sake of a short term, I must call political adventurers. With very few exceptions, indeed, they are always the slaves of other men, and obliged to bend to all sorts of prejudices and caprices. They are always in the position of beggars—not of money exactly—but of places and employments, for the sake, and indeed the necessity, of income. And when they arrive at the miserable reward—those few who do attain it—of their long course of servility, what does it amount to? In nineteen cases out of twenty, not to the value of the position, even in a pecuniary sense, which they might have attained by some independent profession or commercial occupation. It is indeed a wretched life, and almost always a wretched end; and nothing but the most extraordinary misapprehension of the real nature of the process could beguile men into the pursuit of such delusive advantages."

After some more conversation of the like nature, and after receiving a cordial invitation from Mr. —— to visit him in the North, to which he was to repair in a few days, and the offer to take Frank with him to Petersburgh in the spring, if on consideration he should feel inclined to make that excursion, Frank took his leave, and returned to his chamber to ponder over the dark picture which Mr. —— had drawn of the life of a political adventurer.

"No," thought Frank to himself; "a political career, without fortune to make one independent and to make other people believe in one's independence, I fear, would be a wretched condition. The law is my mark."

With that resolution, he lost no time in requesting the assistance of Mr. Playfair to procure for him the names of two barristers necessary for his admission as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and although he left himself almost bare by the outlay, it was with a glowing satisfaction that he read and re-read

the piece of paper containing the gratifying words—

LINCOLN'S INN.

FRANCIS COVERLEY, ESQUIRE. Admission to the Society.

	£	s.	d.
Admission	3	3	4
Bond and Fees	1	19	8
Stamp	26	10	0
	£31	13	0

Received the above,

J. LANE, *Steward.*

£6 7*s.* 4*d.* per Ann. to be paid for Commons and Pensions.

"At any rate," he thought, "here is a beginning. There must be a beginning in all things, and now I must see if money can be raised in any way on any probable proceeds from my father's estate, to enable me to deposit the hundred and fifty pounds for the next part of the process."

But this was a more difficult matter. Mr. Playfair could give him no hopes of receiving any surplus from his father's property. The legal proceedings which had been taken

were slow and uncertain, and money was wanting to prosecute them with the desirable vigour.

Frank soon found his funds melting away. He could procure no employment. His friend Mr. —— had left London, and was sojourning in the north of England, and Frank did not know to whom to look for assistance or advice. He had heard nothing from Colonel Yelloley for some time, to whom he had written, communicating the substance of Mr. ——'s opinion, and stating his own determination to make a struggle for an independent profession.

As his scanty stock of money became rapidly less and less, his melancholy increased, and, at last, it seemed that he should presently be in want of the common necessaries of subsistence. But in the moment of his extremity, he received a letter from his old friend, Colonel Yelloley, stating that it was necessary for him to despatch, without the least delay, a confidential agent to Bengal, to examine

into the condition of an indigo plantation up the country, in the prosperity of which a considerable portion of the Colonel's East Indian property had become involved. To induce Frank Coverley to undertake this mission, the Colonel proposed terms which were very favourable.

Frank was not long in making up his mind to accept this offer; want of decision was never a defect of his character. He considered that the utmost time that his mission could consume would be less than a year and a half, and at his age he could spare that time. And he was mainly prompted to undertake the office, as he calculated that he could easily save out of the remuneration which he would fairly earn, a sufficient sum to enable him to pursue his cherished object of being called to the bar.

He replied, accordingly, that he was ready to go at once, and the following post brought him a letter from the Colonel, informing him

that he should be in town almost as soon as his letter, to make the necessary explanations, and to give him instructions for his voyage.

CHAPTER IX.

"In vain does man on reason's aid rely,
And refuge seek in stern philosophy:—
Strong is the pow'r of man's determined will—
Strong is man's pride:—nature is stronger still!"

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

"WELL, my dear fellow, here's a mess! I wanted to go myself, but Miss Carlton persuaded me not; and they all thought—the lady-mother especially — the pretty Louisa was the only one against it—that you would be just the one to undertake the work, which was very kind of them. I was going to press you to come down and stay with me at Mangoe Lodge, but Miss Carlton thought it would be wasting your time unprofitably,

which was very considerate, and so I have come myself."

Such were the words with which Colonel Yelloley greeted Frank Coverley at the British Hotel; and it was not long before Frank plainly perceived that matters had been carried to a dangerous extent against the bachelor state of the rich East Indian, by the intriguing bluestocking of the Carlton family. But that was a matter in which he had no right to interfere; and his mind was fully engrossed by the thoughts of the preparations necessary for his voyage, and with the doubts and anxieties which beset him as to the proper conduct to be pursued towards Miss Lesley on the occasion of this unexpected departure to a distant part of the globe.

Ought he to go down to Devonshire, and take leave of her? Could he leave England without seeing her? But his own feelings were as nothing in the consideration; what was right?—that was the question. Did not the new circumstances of his position warrant a

deviation from his original resolution of not seeing Miss Lesley again until he had assured himself of a certain independence? But would it not be painful to her, and an unnecessary and a useless laceration of her feelings, to present himself to her with no other object than that of taking a barren farewell?

All these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind while the Colonel was searching for papers necessary for the elucidation of Frank's mission, but his perplexity was cut short by the old soldier.

"Not much time for talking; besides, I hate talking. I forgot to tell you that the London Castle—that's the name of the ship, I think, —will sail on Sunday; and this is Wednesday; so there's no time to do more than pack up and be off. And the voyage will do you good; you want a change of scene, and you will be delighted with your trip. Glorious country, India! A little warmish; but then the black fellows do everything but think for

you; and you will see something of life, and that will do you good. I hate the law, and detest all the people belonging to it; they are all rogues, and they must be rogues, for they make their money by lying and cozening—all except Playfair, and he is really an honest lawyer, and just one or two more,—but as to all the rest, it would be no great harm if there was to be a special deluge to wash off all the vermin from the surface of the earth. No, no,—have nothing to do with the law. Be a soldier, or a merchant—or a tradesman, even, —something respectable; and you may be able to engage in something in India, and marry perhaps some rich Begum, and come home with a shipload of rupees. But we must not waste our time in talking, we must go to work—for you have enough to do to get ready by Sunday. And now to business."

The worthy old Colonel was glad to take advantage of the opportunity to act in the most liberal manner towards his young friend,

who was obliged more than once to protest against the profusion of his outfit.

But in the midst of all the preparations, and notwithstanding the pleasurable excitement which the prospect of change of place and the probability of adventure produce in young minds, a gnawing pain in secret was silently corroding at his heart. The image of Clara was ever present; and the impossibility, as it seemed, of his being able to take leave of her only increased his desire to see her once more before he left his native shores, it might be, for ever! But merciless time ran on; the days, the hours rapidly flew by. He had time scarcely to think, and he had not found a fit moment to sit down to write to her or to Mr. Lesley, when the ship sailed from Gravesend.

There was still the opportunity, however, of sending a letter from the Downs. He wrote two—one to Mr. Lesley, and one to Clara; but it is impossible to describe the grief and vexation which assailed him, when it was

announced on board, that, as the captain had settled all matters with the owners of the vessel, there would be no delay in prosecuting their voyage, and that he should take advantage of the fair wind to carry them through the Downs. But there was no remedy, unless a pilot-boat by some accident should board them before leaving sight of the coast, an occurrence very unlikely to an outward-bound ship.

It was with a heavy heart, and with the feeling of being guilty of a culpable omission that he retired to his cabin; but his restless thoughts and the creaking of the vessel, with the noise of the gale which had arisen, kept him awake. The gale increased; sharp successive squalls made the vessel heel over, when a loud crash proclaimed that something had given way. The bustle on deck increased, and being anxious to know what had happened, he got up and dressed himself.

He found the vessel laying to, and the captain in consultation with the chief mate on the best course to be pursued. They had

sprung the main-topmast in the gale, and it was necessary to repair it before proceeding on her voyage. As daylight shortly appeared, and they found themselves off the coast of Devonshire, the captain determined to take advantage of Plymouth Harbour, which they effected without difficulty, as the gale had abated as suddenly as it arose.

On examination, it was found that there was an internal defect in the wood, and that the necessary repairs would occupy perhaps two days. Frank lost no time, but immediately going on shore, and following the impulse of his uncontrollable feelings, set off for Mr. Lesley's dwelling.

It was at the close of the spring, in the smiling month of May, that Frank bent his steps towards the well-known lane leading to the little cottage. It was nearly twelve months since he had left his native place; and in that time how many scenes had he witnessed, and what bitter experience had he gained in the sharp school of adversity! And

now he was about to take a long, last leave of his earliest and dearest friend, and of her for whom alone he thought life worth possessing.

He stood at the threshold of the cottage door; his approach had not been observed, and he paused before he entered.—By a slight divergence to his right, he could see into the sitting-room;—he looked in.

He saw the clergyman sitting at his table in the corner, gravely poring over some dingy-looking volume, which Frank thought he recognised as an old acquaintance. Clara was at work. Some thought seeming to come over her, she suddenly applied her hand to the black ribbon which was round her neck, and drew forth a portrait. Frank's heart beat tumultuously. Gazing with sorrow on the faithful likeness, she sighed deeply; and looking towards the spot where her father was sitting, she kissed it, and replaced it in her bosom.

The poor girl's appearance was much changed. Hers was a double grief—the grief

of her own uncertainty, and of Frank's misfortunes. Her colour was quite gone; she was sadly thin; and her large and lustrous eyes seemed to fill a disproportionate space in her sunken cheeks and attenuated features. It was in vain that she called up all the pride of the woman to support her, and drew from the sources of religion the aid to sustain her in her endeavours at calmness and resignation. The blow which had smitten her in her early hopes was too much for woman to bear; the happiness of her life had been set on a single cast of the die—and that cast was lost; the weight of her affliction crushed her, and seemed like an insupportable material substance, to bow her down to the very earth. Her father grieved in secret, and prayed for her; and oftentimes he consoled and endeavoured to cheer her; but it was in vain.

There was only one hope left. Frank, she earnestly hoped, might attain independence and fortune, and be happy!—and that single thought kept unbroken the slight thread of her

existence. It was under the weakness of such depression of spirits, and with such thoughts, that, at some movement which Frank made, causing a shifting of the shadow on the glass, she raised up her eyes—and there! she beheld the beloved countenance of him who was all the world to her, and who formed the constant object of all her thoughts and hopes, and whom she had been picturing to herself as already far away on distant seas!

Struck with amazement, her first thought was that he had suffered shipwreck, and that she was gazing on the spirit of the dead—come, perhaps, to her in warning and in mercy. A holy awe crept over her; her limbs stiffened, and an involuntary tremor shook her shuddering frame. With mouth distended, pale lips quivering, and with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets, she stretched out her hand, and pointed to the awful vision. A groan, which escaped her in her attempt to articulate, drew the attention of her father, who was terrified at her appearance.

"He is come—he is come!" muttered Clara, continuing to point to the window—but Frank had disappeared.

"Come!—who is come? my dear child, what is it that you see? What has affected you in this strange manner?"

"Frank!—it was Frank!—he is come to tell me——"

"Frank! My love, recollect yourself," said her father, placing his hand on her forehead, and soothing her with his caresses;—"he has sailed, my love, and by this time is far away."

"I know—I know it. But I saw him! Yes! I saw him as when he was alive! And he looked so melancholy! This is a warning, dear father; and but for you, I care not—God forgive me—how soon I may be taken, too!"

"My dearest child, this is the wandering of the brain. It is impossible that you could have seen him."

But at this moment the servant came in to say, that Mr. Frank Coverley was in the gar-

den, and had sent her to apprize them of his presence.

They received this announcement with a wonderment, which deprived them for some time of the power of replying; and the clergyman, without speaking, made his way into the garden, leaving Clara bewildered with astonishment and trepidation.

Frank soon explained to Mr. Lesley the accident which had caused his sudden and unexpected visit; and Clara's alarm was presently changed into a frantic delight, that almost bereft her of her understanding.

When the first wild moments of joy were over, explanations followed; and Frank related to them, in detail, all his adventures since he had left his former home. Mr. Lesley, whether from accident, or from some secret motive, left them to themselves, and for the first time since the expression of their generous devotion, they sat together in the same apartment in which they had confessed their mutual love.

Clara resumed her work, and with flushed cheeks and trembling hands, made a semblance of continuing her embroidery; but the extraordinary confusion of colours which the poor girl at hazard committed to the canvas, would have been sufficient to betray to an observer that her mind must have been pre-occupied with some intense emotion.

"Miss Lesley," Frank began.

The trembling of Clara's hand redoubled, and she stuck a needleful of green worsted, with frantic distraction, into the eye of a thready-looking shepherdess, who was waiting to be finished.

"Miss Lesley—I fear you have reason to think ill of my want of—of—courtesy, in not apprizing you—that is, your father—of my departure for the East Indies; but the truth is, and at any risk I must tell it,—I could not make up my mind—not as to my feelings, I could have no doubt of them—but how to express them——"

Clara was restless;—her eyes grew misty;

she re-arranged her frame; and having inadvertently turned it upside-down, worked away desperately with her green worsted at the heels of the shepherdess, whom she had placed in that unbecoming position, in her confusion.

"And now I hardly know in what terms to address you. On the one hand, my desire to leave you free and unentangled by any engagement with one whose fortunes are so uncertain,—and on the other, my—my—yes, it is best to speak the truth,—my unabated affection—regard—love for you—struggling in my heart."

Clara's framework grew more unsteady, and the shepherdess tottered.

"I cannot—no, Clara, I cannot repress the earnest—the overpowering desire, to tell you—at least, to assure you—that I undertake this voyage only for the sake—with the hope—of its assisting me to arrive at the independence which I aim at; and then——"

Clara's agitation increased; and in attempting to fix her work more firmly on the table,

her eyes seeing nothing, it fell to the ground. She stooped for it; and Frank darting forward at the same moment to pick it up, their cheeks accidentally met. It was as if an electric flash of fire shot through Frank's veins. Philosophy, resolution, calmness, was at an end. In a moment his lips were fixed on hers, and clasping her to his heart, he renewed his vows of eternal love, and swore, with frantic desperation, that no consideration or power upon earth should again urge him to his late forced and unnatural abandonment of his sacred claim on her affections!

He implored her to consent to a solemn engagement, to allow her father to be made a confidant of their resolves, and to trust to Heaven and his own resolution for the rest.

He declared that the renewal of her promise would do more to animate him in his exertions, than all other thoughts; that the remembrance of her image, as the polar star to which his heart would constantly turn in all his wanderings, would add fresh vigour to his struggles

for fortune and independence; and that the feeling of her constant and sure attachment would cheer him in his difficulties, console him in his sorrowful retrospections, and save him from the despair into which his frequent deep despondency would otherwise plunge him to his destruction!

Clara listened with willing ears; and she drunk in, with the greediness of interrupted love, his oft repeated protestations of devotion. She released from his her thin white hand.

"I have long given you my heart, dear Frank," she said; "and you may know what my feelings have suffered, from your own. I am poor, with nothing to give you but my own poor self—a poor present, perhaps,—but here is my hand. Take it—and with it take my solemn promise,—and I call Heaven to witness the pledge—that, come what may, I will be yours, and yours only, for life and death! And now—spare me a little—I am very weak; but this interview has relieved me from a mighty load. For your sake I will take care

of myself; and when that time arrives when you may claim me as your wife, be sure that you will find your Clara with the same undiminished affection with which she now gives herself to you. But here is my father. I will take the opportunity to communicate to him our engagement, when you are gone. He will not be displeased with me for contracting it, for I know it was only for your sake that he did not, from the first, sanction it with his approbation. And I fervently believe—I hope my heart has not misled me—after what you have so solemnly said, that I am consulting your own happiness as well as my own, in thus binding myself to you for ever."

Mr. Lesley entered, and Frank communicated to him the necessity of his taking his leave in a few hours, in order to be in time for the sailing of the vessel. Those few hours too quickly passed; but Frank did not allow them to expire without desiring a particular conference with Mr. Lesley, when he urged his claims on his daughter, and insisted on the

right, which his long attachment gave him, of claiming her hand.

The good clergyman received his communication with strong emotion. He was too well aware of his daughter's fixed affection for Frank, to suppose that such deep-rooted attachment could be broken; and with earnest prayers for his safe voyage and his future welfare, he consented to regard him as his son.

Their hearts lightened by their mutual confessions, and confident in their trust of each other, the lovers passed the few minutes that were left clasped hand in hand, in silent contemplation. In the presence of her father, he cut off one of Clara's beautiful tresses, which he requested her to inclose in a packet, that he might wear it round his neck, next his heart. She returned it to him wetted with her tears, and, with a powerful effort, he rose to depart.

Clara burst into tears, and clung round his neck, as if her vain embraces could prevent the necessity of his departure. Kissing her

affectionately, and with passionate sobs, he gently unloosed her hands, and placing her in the arms of her parent, wildly left the house. He reached the vessel just as she was about to set sail, and in a few hours the good ship was breasting her proud way on the wide waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

CHAPTER X.

"With buoyant hopes he roams to foreign climes—
His exile o'er—he smiles at dangers past!
And now fond thoughts gild views of happier times
With rainbow hues—alas! too bright to last!"

THE EXILE.

FORTUNE seemed to favour Frank Coverley in his voyage to Calcutta. Nothing occurred worth noting, with the exception of a gale of wind off the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted ten days, and which afforded ample opportunity to those curious in scenes of oceanic grandeur to make observations on the highly picturesque effect of a storm at sea. Frank, with the usual desire of a landsman to behold the high waves of which

he had read in books, surveyed the scene with peculiar interest.

The first day produced the usual excitement on board, and the usual prognostications of the passengers as to the extent and duration of the tempest; and it was observable that those who knew nothing about the matter, were much more opinionative than the navigators of the vessel.

The second day, after being satiated with the general scene, and abundantly soaked with sea-water, he was enabled to bestow his attention on details, and he expressed to a very tarry old seaman the novel sensation produced on him by the whistling of the gale through the shrouds, expressing his astonishment at the loudness of the sound, and observing that the effect was very grand! But the old seaman, who had no taste for the picturesque, shook his head, and said "he didn't like it."

The third day the scene was grander still; for the waves were high enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic amateur; and the wind was more

violent, and the whistling through the shrouds was shriller; but as the vessel was able to stand its course, by running before the wind, there was at least the satisfaction that they were making way in the right direction.

The fourth day the storm increased, and Frank found himself the only passenger on deck. Seating himself on the poop, and holding on by the rail in front, he began to feel that this was really a storm worth seeing; and as he looked back on the huge waves which seemed chasing the vessel before them, and threatening almost every time to tumble down on the deck and overwhelm the vessel with the weight of their waters, he thought the sight inimitably grand.

But on the fifth day he began to get a little tired, and to feel that there can be enough of a good thing—even of a storm at sea. The seamen went about with grave faces, casting anxious glances to windward, and anon regarding some part of the vessel or portion of the rigging with a particular scrutiny. The cap-

tain, too, looked serious, and, wrapped in a thick coat with a tarpaulin hat on his head, exchanged occasional anxious communications with his chief officer. And as the gale increased from day to day—or to the wearied sensations of those on board seemed to increase—a greater anxiety appeared on the countenance of the captain, and his consultations became more frequent. The carpenter also, who was an experienced seaman, now seemed invested with additional importance, and as he held himself visibly in readiness to remedy any sudden damage of matters in his department, the seamen regarded him with that sort of increased deference which is always paid to those whose services may be useful in times of danger.

Frank at last was obliged to confess himself fairly tired out with the fierce roaring of the wind, and the unceasing following of the mountainous waves which, hanging over them in angry menace, seemed every moment to be about to fall and engulf the whole equipage under

their foaming crests. But at last the gale spent itself, or the vessel got beyond the range of its influence, and good weather and hilarity returned.

When Frank had leisure to analyze his feelings after the gale, and to compare his present state of mind with respect to storms at sea with his previous anxious desire to witness that poetical display of the power of the winds of heaven stirring up the depths of the sea, the narration of which creates such a pleasing excitement when perused by a comfortable fireside on a winter's evening, the conclusion he came to was, the hope that he might never see another!

On his arrival at Calcutta, he lost no time in making his preparations for proceeding up the country, and as his destination was Delhi, his journey of more than eight hundred miles, partly by water and partly by land, was no light affair. Fortunately he met with a Company's officer, whose route lay in the same direction for nearly the whole of the way, and as his

companion was well acquainted with the country, it was tolerably pleasant.

Good fortune still seemed to attend him. He finished his business quickly and satisfactorily at Delhi, and returned in company with a captain in the Company's service. During this journey a tragical incident occurred which had nearly proved fatal to his companion.

They had stopped to rest themselves under the shade of a tree, close to which was a high bank, and beyond which was jungle. They were very sociably seated close together, calculating their next stage, when, without any other warning but a loud roar, which was simultaneous with the attack, an enormous tiger sprung upon them, and seizing the unfortunate captain with his jaws, dragged him away up the bank into the jungle. The whole was the work of a moment, and the dreadful shock paralysed for an instant all their attendants. But the next moment Frank started up, and being armed with a fowling-piece of a wide bore, capable of throwing a heavy ball, he

hastily rammed down a ball on the shot, and scrambled up the bank; but he had no sooner reached it, than he heard the dull report of a fire-arm at no great distance. Guided by the report, he hastened to the spot, and beheld the tiger lying dead, and his friend dreadfully lacerated lying beside it.

The captain related—when he was sufficiently recovered to speak continuously—that he felt himself suddenly seized on the thigh by the tiger, and thrown over his back ; and immediately after he found himself dragged by the animal, seemingly with the greatest ease, up the bank into the jungle.

"I knew," said the captain, "that it was all over with me if I missed my last chance. In spite of the pain which I suffered, and the terror of what was to come, I did not lose my presence of mind. I suppose it was the very extremity of the danger that stilled my nerves. My arms were free, and I was able to draw out one of the large pistols which you know I always carry. As I did this, I remember the

brute growled, but that only quickened my movement, and with a coolness which I cannot account for—I can only say I did it—I carefully put the muzzle of the pistol to where I guessed the brute's heart was, and fired;—and there he is."

Frank plugged up the holes made by the tiger's claws, as well as he could, with some lint that they had with them, supplying the deficiency with their shirts, and without losing any time, the sufferer was borne to the nearest station where he could receive medical treatment.

Frank performed the remainder of his journey alone, taking special care to keep out of the way of tigers, whether in the shape of man or beast, and more convinced than ever, that storms at sea and wild beasts on land may be very entertaining to read of, but extremely disagreeable to experience in one's own proper person.

On his return to Calcutta, he began to consider on the shortest way of getting back to

England. But his late acquaintance with accounts, and his necessary inquiries into buying and selling, had infused into him a sort of mercantile feeling, and had given him a desire to make money.

While he was casting about what he should do, he happened to mention his indecision at the house of a merchant, to whom he had carried out most particular letters of introduction from Colonel Yelloley, and the merchant proposed to him to take charge, as supercargo, of a vessel which he was about to despatch to New South Wales, with a miscellaneous cargo of goods, but principally tea, sugar, and rice, pointing out to him that as he was so far from home, he might as well take advantage of the opportunity of making a little money. As such an arrangement would not interfere with his duties to Colonel Yelloley, whose interests might be as efficiently served by a communication by letter as by his appearance in person, and as he calculated it would not delay his return to England more than six months, he assented

to the offer, and in a few days found himself stretching out on the Indian Ocean to Sydney, New South Wales.

Again fortune was propitious. He arrived at Port Jackson, without accident or delay; disposed of a small adventure which he had taken with him, to much profit; and after remaining there three weeks, took advantage of a vessel that was about to proceed to England, laden chiefly with wool and oil, secured his passage, and in a few days, set sail.

They had fair winds and pleasant weather on their way to the Cape, and they were congratulating themselves on their capital passage, when one morning, as they began to round the Cape, an odd smell was perceptible in the vessel, as if some rancid fat was burning in the ship's cabouse.

The captain called the cook aft, and rated him for letting the fat fall in the fire, but the cook protested that there was nothing burning there.

"Where is it, then? It must come from some-

where. See, steward, if any of the passengers below are burning anything."

But the passengers were all on deck, and the steward reported that there was no sign of any burning in the cabins; but that the smell was very strong in the steerage.

In the meantime, the smell increased; but no trace of it could be discovered.

"It must come from the hold," said the chief mate, "how any fire could get there, puzzles me: but the shortest way is to see."

The main hatchway was removed, and immediately a dense smoke burst out, and there was a stifling smell of burning wool.

"Oh, God!" said the captain, "the wool and the oil. I have read of spontaneous combustion, but I little thought I should live to see it—and at such a time too. But now we must work for our lives."

They were not above a hundred miles from the land, and the ship's course was instantly laid in that direction, while every effort was made to arrest the progress of the fire. But

the removal of the hatchway, acting as a chimney, and the free access of air, soon raised the fire, which before was smouldering, into flame; and the crew, as is usual with vessels making the voyage to or from New South Wales, being weak, they were unable to get the better of the fire.

Luckily, the principal material of their cargo was of a nature not to burn rapidly, and the wind being fair, they made good way towards the shore; but when the heat became powerful enough to dry the mass, the flames broke out rapidly, and it was only just in time that they succeeded in gently backing the ship on the shore, when all on board were obliged to make a precipitate retreat to the land.

As the weather was fair, and the sea calm, and they had prepared for that event, they accomplished this without the loss of any life, and succeeded in saving some part of their valuables in the boats; but they had no sooner

reached the sand, than they beheld the ship bursting into vivid flames, which ascended to a great height, the general mass of oil becoming joined in the conflagration.

Frank saved his papers, and a few of his clothes; and as the little property that he possessed was contained in bills on London, his loss was confined to the principal part of his wardrobe; however that was, under his circumstances, a serious deprivation.

With some difficulty, the wearied crew and passengers reached the Cape by land. It happened that a vessel was lying there on its way to New South Wales, which was to sail in a few days. As there was a scarcity of wheat at Sydney when Frank left, it struck him that it might be profitable to make an investment of that article, particularly as at that time, wheat was low in price at the Cape. Without losing time, he carried his project into effect. The vessel had room for a few tons of goods; he

took his passage, shipped his wheat, and in four days after his arrival at the Cape, he was again on his way to the coast of Australasia.

Fair winds and fine weather soon brought him pleasantly within sight of the magnificent harbour of Sydney. The price of wheat had increased; his small addition to the general stock was very acceptable; he sold it at a larger profit than he had even hoped for, and being anxious to return to England without delay, he again embarked on board a vessel which was on the point of going home round Cape Horn.

It was with considerable satisfaction that Frank sat in his little cabin, with a canvas bag at the bottom of his large trunk, containing seven hundred golden sovereigns. Visions of Clara and of his future pursuits occupied his thoughts, and the ship's way seemed miserably slow to his eager longing to reach England.

Again the winds were propitious and the

passage fair. They rounded Cape Horn with every sail set; arrived in safety at Rio de Janeiro; replenished their stock of water and fresh provisions, and sailed from the harbour. But now in the midst of success, and with the most cheering prospects, a change took place in the prosperous course which had deluded his mind with false hopes for the future.

After they had got clear of Rio de Janeiro, they were delayed from want of wind; and the master of the vessel expecting to have the benefit of the land breeze, kept in shore. But the wind was light, and, such as it was, contrary; so that they were baffled by a head wind for three weeks, and the delay was increased by frequent calms. In this way they crept along, always hugging the shore, till they were near Olinda, a principal city of the province of Pernambuco.

Another small vessel within sight, which, apparently from the same motive, had been

standing on and off the shore, was in nearly the same condition; but it was observed, that although the sails of their own vessel were flapping listlessly on the yards, the light canvas of the schooner was distended, and that she had steerage way through the water.

"If we were not where we are," said the master, "I should not like the looks of that long snake-like thing creeping through the water. I was coming home two years ago, and about this very spot we were boarded by a boat from a sneaking-looking craft, as like that thing as can be. I am sure they were pirates, and how it was that they let me off so easily I never could comprehend. They only asked for a little brandy; perhaps they were after better game; for a cargo of wool and oil, which I had then, was no great windfall for a pirate. But a set of more outlandish and desperate-looking rascals I never set eyes on."

The passengers gazed at the schooner, and admired how the sharpness of its build and the lightness of its sails enabled it to make progress at a time when there seemed to be not a breath of wind, and while the hull of their own vessel was rocking to and fro like a lifeless log on the water.

"There they go, with their skyscraper; they seem determined to show us what they can do. Well, I can't help feeling rather glad that they're off, for that craft has an ugly look about it, and it doesn't seem to have been built for any honest purpose;" and so saying, the worthy skipper turned his attention to his own affairs.

"It's of no use," said he, "to let the canvas knock itself to pieces this way; clue all up—we must wait for the wind, though it doesn't seem likely that we shall have any yet a bit. And, see! the schooner is becalmed too. Well, we must make the best of it. I wonder if we

could get any poultry from the shore? for this delay has got rid of too much of our stock, and we shall be in want of fresh meat before we see the Land's End."

"We could easily put a boat ashore," said the mate. "It is not above six miles; and there seems no chance of any wind before night; it's a dead calm."

"Lend me the glass," said the master. "There are several pretty-looking cottages here and there, and the land seems cultivated almost to the water's edge. I dare say they have some fowls and turkeys to give us; or some fresh pork would be no bad help."

Several of the passengers, on this, joined with the mate in requesting that a boat might be sent on shore to procure fresh provisions, and Frank Coverley offering to accompany them, his services were accepted the more willingly as it saved an additional man, Frank being quite competent to take an oar on occasion.

The boat therefore was launched; and the mate, with Frank and three hands, put off for the shore. The sea was smooth, with the exception of the long regular motion of the swell, which increased as they approached the shore. The mate took an oar, and Frank perched himself on the stern of the boat, in order to have a better view as they approached the shore. In this trim they proceeded to within a mile of the landing, when Frank, who was raised much higher than the rest, became sensible that there was a reef between them and the land, on which the sea was breaking; and as the ground-swell raised the boat up, he could see that the reef was about half-a-mile from the shore. He observed also, two figures on the beach making signs, but he could not distinguish whether their purport was to warn them away or to point out a favourable place for landing.

He communicated his observations to the mate; but the mate, either from not suspecting

such an obstacle, or from his habitual disregard of the opinion of a landsman, paid no attention to his warning, and his only remark was to sing out, "Give way, my lads!"

But they had now come within the influence of the breakers, and they found the ground swell much more violent than they had anticipated. At this moment the mate stood up, to look out for the best place on which to beach the boat, but it was too late. A larger swell than usual, giving the boat a heave, threw him off his legs. Frank called out that they would be on the reef. The men tried for a moment to back water, but the incoming swell was too strong for them. In attempting to turn the boat's head from the shore, a breaker took her on her broadside, and in an instant she was filled with water, and the next moment dashed on the reef.

Frank was a capital swimmer, but it was in vain for him to attempt to contend against

the breakers; but he struggled manfully. He felt himself hurried towards the shore, and borne to and fro, for a while, by the advancing and receding waves, when his senses left him, and he was cast like a weed, unconscious and almost lifeless, on the beach.

CHAPTER XI.

"For there the daughters of the ardent sun,
Unlike the virgins of the freezing north,
Brook not cold forms;—and their voluptuous souls,
Hot as the rays which kindle their hearts' fires,
Love with a look!"

"The Brazilian Maiden." *A Tragedy.*

On recovering his senses, he found himself lying on a bed in a large apartment, in which several negroes were hurrying backwards and forwards, while a stout man was vigorously rubbing his feet and body with hot coarse cloths, which almost scraped the skin from his flesh.

On hearing his patient heave a deep sigh, the stout man, who was an aged negro with woolly white hair, uttered a cry, which was taken up by the attendant slaves, and swelled into a shout, which brought into the room an elderly-looking tall man, excessively tanned by the sun, and with a straw hat on his head, of dimensions almost sufficient for the thatching of a genteel cottage.

This gentleman said something in Portuguese, which was unintelligible to Frank's slowly returning senses, but he gathered from the lifting up of his arms, and his looks upwards, that it was expressive of surprise at his recovery.

He endeavoured to raise himself up, but he then became sensible of the injuries which he had received from being dashed on the reef, and his subsequent tossings by the waves on the pebbly beach. He essayed to speak, but, at this moment, a venerable-looking man ap-

peared, whom Frank at once recognised as a Roman-catholic priest, who by signs imposed silence. The priest felt his pulse; examined him; and after some drinks had been administered, the room was cleared; and he was left alone with a negro woman, who assumed her post, with an air of importance as an authorized nurse, to attend on the invalid.

The weather was insufferably close, and Frank was gasping for breath. The negro woman, from time to time, gave him some cooling beverage, which tasted like tamarind water; but the fever which was threatening him could not be kept off, and for ten days he was hardly conscious of what was done with him.

The priest visited him constantly; and Frank thought that once or twice he caught a glimpse of a countenance that was neither so old nor so ugly as that of the old negro woman, which regarded him with an air of deep com-

miseration. It was a fierce struggle between youth and disease, but youth and a good constitution availed, and at the end of a fortnight the fever had nearly left him, and he began to awake to a sense of his condition.

He asked some questions, but the negro woman talked nothing but a jargon of Portuguese, and the gentleman whom he had at first noticed with the straw hat, and whom he guessed to be his host, spoke no other language. The priest was sent for, and Frank addressed him in French, but he shook his head, and tried to make Frank understand him in Portuguese, speaking very slowly and articulately; but Frank could make nothing of it, and he was vexing himself with the awkwardness of his situation, when it occurred to him that it was likely the priest might understand Latin; and, motioning for writing materials, he wrote down a question in that language.

"Where am I, and what has become of my companions? and where is the ship?"

No sooner had the priest cast his eyes on the Latin, than he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in the suddenness of his joy to find that his patient understood a language which would render their communication easy, he embraced him in his bed.

"God be praised, my son, that you have recovered! How fortunate that you understand Latin! I see that you are a youth of station, whose education has been attended to."

"But the ship!" said Frank—"what has become of the ship? And my companions in the boat, where are they?"

"We have seen nothing of your companions! The servants who were on the shore saw your boat upset, and only a few fragments have come to land; but of your companions we have seen nothing. They

have fallen a prey, I fear, to the voracious fishes of the coast."

"And the ship?"

"The ship departed the same day. We observed her from the coast, and another vessel not far from her—a schooner, which had a suspicious appearance; but in the night both ships disappeared.

"And where am I now?"

"The servants who were on the shore went down to the beach, and were gazing at the spot where the boat was upset, when after a little time they espied a dark mass on the crest of a wave, which they conjectured might be one of the boat's crew. Not long afterwards you were cast on the beach, seemingly dead; but, by the blessing of God, you have been preserved,—and it befits thee, my son, to return thanks to God for your merciful deliverance!"

"And where am I now?"

" At the house of a worthy gentleman, who resides on this plantation with his daughter; and it is to his care, after God, that your thanks are due for your recovery."

" In what part of the country am I?"

" This plantation is about twelve leagues from the town of St. Salvador, the capital of Bahia. But you have talked enough for the present; it is now time for you to sleep."

The priest then administered some sort of potion, which had the effect of lulling his patient to sleep, and after a tranquil slumber of some hours he woke much refreshed. Being tired of his confinement, he made his negro attendant understand that he wished to get up, but this she strenuously opposed. The priest, however, coming in soon after, gave his assent, and with the assistance of the old woman he contrived to dress himself, and, being seated in a chair, was conveyed by two

male slaves to the principal sitting-room of the establishment.

His host presently appeared, and with him his daughter, who was a brunette of about seventeen years of age, with most magnificent eyes, and with that voluptuous perfection of form which characterizes the Portuguese descendants in the Brazils in their early womanhood.

It seemed that the report of the priest had been favourable to Frank, to which, doubtless, his capability of conversing in Latin much contributed. The planter addressed Señor Coverley with much deference and respect, and his daughter said something in Portuguese which sounded very sweetly in Frank's ears; and although he did not understand what she said, her accent and manner denoted that she expressed pleasure at his recovery, mingled with regret for the misfortune which he had suffered.

After a brief conference between the planter and the priest, the latter retired; and shortly afterwards the former left the room, leaving Frank alone with the young Brazilian.

The young lady seemed a little embarrassed at first, but as politeness prompted her to speak some words of kindness to their guest, who had been thrown, under circumstances so disastrous, on their hospitality, she addressed a few observations to Frank in Portuguese, which he answered in English, and although neither understood the language of the other, the dialogue was maintained for some time in a manner which seemed satisfactory to the young lady.

This intercourse lasted for several days, till at last Frank began to be annoyed at hearing a continuation of musical words which he could not understand; he pointed to some shelves which were suspended on the wall, and on which were placed about a dozen books.

The Brazilian summoned a female slave, and desired her to bring one to the invalid; but as it was something in Portuguese, which he could not understand, he pointed to another, and the slave—who moved at a creeping pace, which would have provoked Frank's laughter at any other time—brought to him slowly one by one all the books on the shelves, and then, at a snail's pace, quietly left the room.

On looking over the volumes—which seemed to have been seldom opened, with the exception of one, which Frank perceived was a book of devotion—he found an old Portuguese and French grammar, which he eagerly seized, as affording him the means of communicating with his beautiful companion.

Selecting a phrase expressive of his gratitude for the kindness which he had received, he endeavoured to pronounce the words set opposite in Portuguese; but at this the polite-

ness of the young girl was put to too severe a trial, and an irrepressible shriek of laughter conveyed to him that his pronunciation must have been irresistibly ludicrous to Brazilian ears.

But quickly stifling her laughter, and as if to make amends for her impoliteness, she rose from her seat, and placing herself beside Frank's chair, she inquired with her eyes for the phrase which he wished to communicate.

He pointed it out with his hand; but the attention of the girl was more attracted by the hand than the print, and she gazed at it with much curiosity, seeming to compare it with her own. It happened that this portion of Frank Coverley's person was of peculiar beauty for a man, and his late illness had made it look particularly delicate.

The young Brazilian had never before seen a hand of such whiteness and softness appertaining to a man, and she continued for a few

moments to regard it curiously, looking in Frank's face, and seemingly at a loss to reconcile it with the manly cast of his countenance. She blushed as some thought seemed to arise, and applying herself to the sentence which formed Frank's first stumbling-block in his Portuguese grammar, she read it aloud, and as a reply she made a profound courtesy, accompanying it with a bewitching smile.

Then seeking for words to express her meaning, she pointed to another phrase in Portuguese, to which explanatory words in French were set opposite; and in this manner they contrived to carry on a conversation, which consisted almost altogether of questions on the part of the young lady, and of short replies from the invalid.

"Have you a father and mother?"

Frank shook his head, and replied by a sorrowful expression in the negative.

"A sister?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Have you no relations?"

Frank meditated for a moment, and shook his head.

The young girl exhibited surprise at this confession of his lone condition in the world, and she regarded the desolate being, who had been so lately saved from the sea, with an expression of deep interest.

"Have you no friends?"

"Friends!" thought Frank. "Mr. Lesley, he is a friend, but not perhaps in the sense in which this young girl means it, and Colonel Yelloley is a friend, and Mr. ——, but I cannot call a man whom I have known so short a time a friend. I am hardly entitled to consider him a patron. What friends have I?"

The young girl watched his countenance as

these thoughts passed through his mind, and seemed to wonder that he should delay in answering so simple a question.

"A few friends," replied Frank.

The Brazilian girl meditated. Alone—just saved from the sea—without sister or brother —without relations—with only a few friends how strange!—and how sad!

And then he was so interesting, and his manners and his mildness betokened that he was of gentle blood; and the priest had told them that he could speak in Latin, and that he had no doubt that he was a person of consideration. What could be the meaning of it?

Mystery interests women.

She sought for a phrase in the book which they mutually held between them (Is a Portuguese grammar a conductor?) to express another question. She found it, and was about to place her finger on the words, when some

recollection seemed to come across her mind, and she hastily turned over the leaves, while her cheeks were suffused with blushes.

At this moment her father appeared. He paused at the doorway for an instant, regarding with interest the intimate social relations which the teacher of Portuguese and her sick pupil seemed already to have established between them. He told his daughter that a vessel was to sail in two days from the neighbouring port to England, and that the young stranger had the opportunity of forwarding letters by their messenger, who would set out in the afternoon for St. Salvador.

"Try, Constanza," he said, to his daughter, "if you can tell him this."

Constanza was pleased at this commission from her father, which seemed to authorize the task which she had taken on herself of assisting the stranger to understand their language; and she made Frank understand it.

With the instinctive wit of woman, however, she contrived to add—

"That he might write letters to his wife."

Frank smiled, and then looked grave. "I have no wife."

Constanza's eyes grew more bright. She summoned the tortoise-like female slave, and writing materials being placed before their guest, they retired and left him to write his letters undisturbed.

Frank wrote a full description of his adventures to Clara, enclosing the letter in one to Mr. Lesley. He wrote also a full account, in addition to his former letters, to Colonel Yelloley, and took the opportunity to write also to Mr. Playfair, acquainting him of his having been wrecked in a boat on the South American coast, and that he had left in his cabin above seven hundred pounds in gold, an account of which would, doubtless, be faithfully furnished by the captain or owners of

the vessel. This sum of money, as well as his other effects on board, he requested Mr. Playfair to take charge of, inclosing an authority for him to act on his behalf. He wrote to all, that in about a month or six weeks he expected to be able to set out for England, but that at present he had almost entirely lost the use of his limbs, from the shocks and the bruises which he had received from his shipwreck, and from the effects of his fever.

When he had finished these letters, he felt very much exhausted, and it was with much grief, fearing that his recovery would be painfully protracted, that he discovered the extent of his present weakness and helplessness.

Two months more passed away, and Frank had nearly recovered his strength. He was able now to make himself tolerably well understood in the Portuguese language, and he announced to his kind entertainers his in-

tention of proceeding to England. The circumstances of the planter were such as to preclude all thought of Frank attempting to offer any remuneration for the hospitality which he had received, and he was obliged to confine himself, therefore, to the most earnest expression of gratitude to him and to his daughter for their generous kindness to an unfortunate stranger. The planter received his thanks with grave politeness, but seemed concerned to learn that their guest was about to leave them. Presently after, he retired. His daughter also received this intimation with a serious countenance, and she remained, for some time after her father had left the room, with an air of deep meditation.

"I wish," said Frank, "that you were coming to England, too, and then I should not have to part with such kind friends;" and saying this, he took her hand, and pressed it affectionately.

Constanza's countenance changed from the air of pensive meditation to sudden and violent emotion. She regarded Frank with eyes which seemed to pierce into his very soul, and to read his inmost thoughts. With the warm feelings of a tropical clime, she was about to give instant expression in words to her tumultuous thoughts. She checked herself with a strong effort; but not being able to control her feelings, she burst into tears.

Frank was by no means vain, but he could not avoid suspecting that the feelings of the young Brazilian were favorably inclined towards him. His almost miraculous escape from death; his illness, and his loneliness; the commiseration which naturally arose for one who was without relations, and almost without friends; his solitary state in the wide world;—all the romance of his position, had had its effect on the young girl, who was placed also, for the first time in her life, in the novel office

of principal soother of an invalid of gentleman-like manners and interesting appearance.

It may be added, also, that the planter was rich, and that Constanza was his only child, the more beloved as he had lost her mother in her infancy; and that she had been brought up in all the luxuries and with all the indulgence which his fortune and his fondness could bestow on her; neither had he allowed any one to usurp the place and authority which was left unexercised by her mother's death, save by himself. Thus the Brazilian girl had grown up with a licence of liberty unusual with females in that part of the globe; for her attendant duenna fulfilled the office of an upper and confidential domestic rather than that of a monitor and controller of the daughter of her employer.

It was with such habits, and with the temperament of the inhabitants of climes which the almost ever-glowing sun warms into such

early maturity, that the Brazilian girl was thrown into the intimate society of a young man of fascinating manners, in a propinquity the more dangerous as charity and kindness seemed to dictate the virtue of bestowing on his pitiable and helpless condition the most soothing attentions which woman could render to the afflicted; and the pity which is akin to love soon became changed to the latter unconscious feeling.

The sudden burst of tears which the unexpected announcement of Frank's departure had produced, as suddenly ceased; and the Brazilian girl withdrew her hand, and rose to depart. But Frank, with a gentle pressure, detained her; and he was in the act of considering in what manner to address her, when her father reappeared with the priest, and dismissing his daughter to her chamber, he sat down, with an air of grave deliberation.

There was a pause; and the planter seemed embarrassed how to open the conversation.

"You think of returning to England?" he began.

"I do," said Frank; "and I wish I could find the opportunity of shewing to you how grateful I am for your hospitality."

"Your father and mother are no longer living?"

"No; unhappily I lost both father and mother almost on the same day."

"And you have no sister nor brother, nor near relations?"

"None."

"And you have not many friends for whom you care in your own country?"

"Very few indeed!"

"And you are not of any profession that you might wish to pursue?"

"No, I have no profession."

The planter consulted for a few minutes, in a low voice, with the priest, and then resumed—

"The priest has been informed by you that you are not rich."

"It is true, indeed; I am very poor. It is possible that my late father's estate may yield me some inheritance, but that is very uncertain; and it could not take place until after long legal proceedings."

"It is bad to have an estate depending on proceedings of the law."

"Permit me to ask why you are so particular in your inquiries."

"You shall see. You have neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister, nor relations, nor scarcely friends in England, nor, as it seems, any certain means of living like a gentleman; why should you return thither?"

"What else could I do?"

The planter looked at the priest; the priest nodded.

"Should you like to be a planter?"

"That requires capital, and a practical knowledge of the occupation; and I confess I should not like the climate; it is not suited to an European constitution. But why need I consider the question? How could I be a planter?"

"Look around you. Do you see the exuberant abundance which nature gives in these favoured climates? Would not such a plantation as this satisfy your ambition?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not understand me? You love my daughter; she has told me so. She is my only child; for her happiness alone, I may say, I have lived and accumulated my wealth. You are a gentleman, and a gentleman still remains so, though he may be poor. Remain in this beautiful country: this estate, when I die, and everything that I possess, shall be yours. All that I require on your part is to make my

daughter happy. I esteem you the more for not having pressed me with your suit: you did not like, as a poor gentleman, to offer yourself as a husband for my daughter; and I recognise in you the nobleness of your gentle blood, which would not allow you to take advantage of the accident of your position to secure the fortune of the rich planter by a formal avowal of your passion. There—you shall have her; and it will now be for me to pray to God to bless the union. Have I spoken well, father?"

"You have spoken well, my friend. But you have forgotten one thing—his religion."

"Doubtless," said the planter, "my future son will not object to forsake the heresies of the Protestants, and return to the true faith of the Catholic religion?"

Frank was embarrassed: this proposal was unexpected; nor had he thought that Con-

stanza's partiality for him was of a nature so decided. He was puzzled how to reply.

"You hesitate," said the planter.

"He will think of it," said the priest; "we will leave him alone. He has the most beautiful girl in the Brazils for his wife, with one of its finest estates for her dowry, and the opportunity is wonderfully offered to him by a merciful God, to return to the bosom of the Holy Mother Church. All these blessings are offered to him; and the shipwreck which he has deplored, has turned out for him the most fortunate event of his life. So little do we know the end, nor how the mysterious designs of Providence may be worked out by means to us unthought of! My friend, we will leave him alone. All this happiness is too much for him at once; it overpowers him with too much joy!"

So saying, the friends retired, leaving Frank

a prey to the most painful and conflicting emotions.

The image of Clara had ever been present to his mind in all his wanderings; but the fascination of female beauty, and the flattering temptation which was thus offered after an escape so providential, and under circumstances so extraordinary, could not fail to make a powerful impression on him. Besides, here was the happiness of a young girl at stake, whose affections he had unwittingly engaged; and was the return for the life and hospitality which he had received at their hands, to be the blasting of the peace of the happy father and daughter, and the abandonment of an affectionate girl to the most heart-breaking of all humiliations?

As he pondered with these thoughts, his hand mechanically sought the ribbon from which was suspended the lock of Clara's hair. It was

gone! He searched for it in vain. Nor could he immediately bring to mind when he had last noticed it.

"Is this an omen?" he muttered to himself, "and if it is — is it an omen of good or ill?"

CHAPTER XII.

"Abjure his altars! What! Can such things be!
Forsake home! All!—by sordid interest driven!
Is there no trust, then, in man's constancy!
Nor faith in vows deep sworn before high Heaven!"
"THE BROKEN HEART." *A Poem.*

CONSTANZA was sitting in her bower. The luxuriant vegetation of those summer climes surrounded her with its magnificent foliage; and the dazzling hues of the bright flowers of the tropics glowed under the piercing rays of the brilliant sun, like a carpet of variegated colours. An avenue of orange trees led to this favored retreat, which shaded with their branches and

perfumed with their fragrance the verdant walk connecting it with the house. Now and then a bird of bright plumage would flash across the path, and the restless humming-bird, with fitful flight, would dart to and fro among the fragrant shrubs and flowers. There was a soft stillness around, broken only by the chiming of a distant bell, which added a solemnity to the grand repose of nature.

Constanza was alone; for she could not brook that any curious eye should observe her, as she dwelt in secret thought on the new sensations which the feelings of first awakened love diffused over her glowing bosom. She was aware that at that moment her father was in converse with him who so lately was a stranger! and now! was one on whose breath hung the happiness of her existence! That their guest should not with eager rapture fall on his knees to her parent, and confess with grateful devotion his joy at his acquiescence, never entered

her imagination; for what being, since her earliest days, had she ever known who was not devoted to her slightest wish!

Besides, (alas! that she should have mistaken gratitude for love,) had not his manner, though not his words, expressed his love for her? And what else but his own humility could have restrained his tongue from confessing that which his eyes so often, to her belief, had expressed so plainly. She plucked a sprig of geranium from a bough which was clustering over her with its flowers—it was the flower which he had most admired in her jet black hair! She placed it on her brow, and sat like the queen of beauty in expectant homage.

A form darkened the end of the orange avenue. She looked: it was only her favourite slave; but she bore a something in her hand which she seemed desirous to shew to her young mistress. What was it?

The slave drew nearer, and she saw that it was only a black ribbon, much discoloured, from which was suspended a little bag.

"It had been found," the slave said, "behind the coffee plantation; perhaps it was a charm dropped by some traveller."

Constanza took it in her hand, examined it round and round. "It was only a little silken bag."

"Only a little bag," repeated the slave; "but there is something in it."

"There can be no harm," said Constanza, "in opening it; perhaps it might lead to the discovery of the owner."

"There can be no harm," repeated the slave; "but suppose it is a charm. Is it not unlucky to disturb a charm?"

"A charm! nonsense, Leila; open it."

"Would mistress open it?" said Leila, gravely. "There is a belief, in my nation, that the meddling with a charm brings ill-fortune to the disturber."

Constanza hesitated. She was not without the superstitions which affect the mind of a young Brazilian girl; but curiosity prevailed. Breaking the frail threads which secured the little silken bag, she found within another case of some material that was unknown to her.

"It is a charm," said Leila. "Beware, mistress, of breaking through the sacred cover! Evil will come!"

"There is something soft inside," said Constanza; and as she spoke, she fretfully drew asunder the strings which concealed the secret.

"Oh, mistress, mistress!" cried Leila; "beware! beware! It is a charm, belonging, perhaps, to the English stranger!"

But Constanza had already caught a glimpse of the inside; hastily inserting her little fingers within its mouth, she drew forth a lock of auburn hair!

"Dear mistress," said Leila, "it is indeed a charm! Oh, evil will come of this! The

spirits will not that their secrets should be violated. It is a sacred tress, cut perhaps from the head of a beloved one, and made sacred by the priest of the stranger's nation. Put it back, dear mistress—put it back!"

But Constanza held the beautiful hair between her fingers, gazing on it with strange and doubting thoughts, and as she held it, the tress, releasing itself from its restraint, curled down in a graceful ringlet, and seemed agitated like a living thing.

"Oh, mistress!" supplicated Leila; "see, the lock seems to move and speak to you! Be sure it is a charm; and it is that which preserved the stranger's life from the sea. And look—the stranger is coming; and I can see by the mark upon his brow that his thoughts are troubled, for his sympathy has told him that his charm has been disturbed."

Frank drew nearer; and it was with inexpressible pain and confusion that he beheld in

the hand of the Brazilian girl his Clara's lock of hair.

Constanza stood motionless; and but for the violent heavings of her form, she might have been taken for an exquisitely-moulded statue, so rigid was her form, as she fixed on Frank a penetrating gaze.

He would have darted forward to regain possession of his treasure, but with one hand she motioned him back, while with the other she held up the love-token before his eyes.

"Is this," she said, in a low and trembling voice—"is this yours?"

"It is." He was about to continue, but she checked him.

"And your mother's hair, I have heard you say, was black?"

"It was; but this——"

"Then whose is this? And you wear it round your neck. If it was not your mother's, what other memory of woman could have

made you treasure such a token with such affection?"

Frank was silent.

"Leila, leave us." Leila obeyed.

"Señor," continued Constanza, "I am a young girl, but I am of noble blood; and my father's conference with you, and your implied proposals, warrant my demands of you. This is a woman's hair—perhaps young?"

"It is."

"And beautiful—as beautiful as this tress implies?"

"She is, indeed!"

"And you—you have loved her?"

"I have. She was my earliest playmate."

"Ah! your earliest playmate! And you have loved her. And—(she communed for a moment with herself)—but no—it cannot be; —and yet, why wear this keepsake round his neck? Tell me, Señor—as a man of honor and a gentleman,—do you love her now?"

"Would to God," said Frank, "that this scene had been spared to us! I was even now on my way to entrust you with my secret."

"But tell me—tell me—one thing only it imports me to know;—do you love her now?"

"It would be base in me to deny it. I have loved her all my life, and so long as life remains, so will my love."

It is impossible to describe the haughty rage exhibited by the outraged beauty at this energetic declaration. Her eyes dilated with supernatural fire; and the gentleness of the soft voluptuous maiden was transformed to the frenzy of a Pythian priestess, or like the goddess of war herself, breathing rage and vengeance from her lips, and darting fury from her eyes. Seizing the fond flower which adorned her head, she dashed it on the ground, and hurling the fatal ringlet at him whom she looked on as her perjured lover—

"Enough!" she cried, stamping with her

foot:—she would have added more, but a burst of blood from her mouth and nostrils choked her utterance, and she fell, as if stricken with lightning, on the verdant moss at his feet!

A loud cry for help from Frank quickly brought a troop of slaves to the bower, who bore their mistress to the house, casting looks of doubt and suspicion on the stranger, through whom, by some means, it seemed, their beautiful and beloved mistress had met with a dreadful death.

Frank remained for some minutes stupified with the shock, and then sought the friendly priest, to solicit his advice and help in this new and sudden affliction.

"My son," began the priest, before Frank had time to unfold his errand, "I fear, from this catastrophe, that you have continued blind to the tender mercies which the mother church holds out to you, and that you have renounced the temporal advantages which the abandon-

ment of your errors would have afforded; but I trust that, by the mercy of God, you may still return to the shepherd, like a lost sheep that has been restored to the fold."

Frank had been embarrassed how to explain a mistake which was as delicate to the daughter as it would probably be to the pride of the father. He perceived at once that the priest, in his eagerness to make a convert, had persuaded himself that it was the difficulty on the point of their religion, which had caused the terrible revulsion which had taken place in Constanza's feelings. He thought, for her sake, that it was best not to undeceive the zealous minister, and he replied, accordingly—

"Father, it is with inexpressible grief that I find myself the occasion of sorrow in a family to which I owe so much; and I acknowledge also, with thankfulness, my obligation to you, for your great kindness and indulgence to me. But I pray you to consider that I have been

brought up in the tenets of the Protestant religion; it is the faith of my fathers, and to that I must adhere. In this, my resolution cannot be shaken."

"You are young, my son," rejoined the priest; "and it is certain that you cannot have had the time nor the opportunity to examine into the errors of your imperfect creed; but, by the blessing of God, I will endeavour to enlighten your understanding; and unless your heart is hardened, and that you remain obstinate to the truth, your own good sense, and the talents which you possess, will enable you to distinguish the true from the false. Trust to me, my son, and to the holy opinions of those saints of our church, who, inspired by God himself, have explained his mysteries to men."

A slave at this moment brought a request from Constanza, that the priest would attend her. He made a sign of earnest warning to his desired proselyte, and departed.

Frank remained perplexed with uneasy and jarring thoughts, when the priest returned, with an air of deep sorrow.

"The daughter of my friend," he said, "has confirmed my surmises. I spoke to her of my fears for your soul, and repeated to her our conversation."

"Then, there is no danger of her life?" said Frank, eagerly.

"I sympathize with your concern, my son, but on that score you may rest easy. There is no danger. She is calm and cool. When I told her of our conversation, which I did before she spoke to me, she mused for a while, communing deeply with herself. At last she said, 'Our religion must for ever place an eternal bar between me and him. Repeat to him my words, holy father, and tell him that all intercourse between us henceforth must be at an end. I wish that he had never come;' and then, correcting herself, she added, 'No—not

that—had it been so, he would not have been saved. Convey to him my forgiveness, and my prayers for his future welfare, and when he returns to his own country, and—' but here her farther speech was stopped by tears. Motioning me away, for her heart was too full to speak, she clasped her cross to her breast, and I left her in silent prayer."

"It becomes me, then," said Frank, "to quit this place, to which I have unhappily brought misfortune, without delay."

"Think again, my son. Her father, with whom I had a passing word as I came hither, is willing to afford you a further trial, hoping that, by God's help and my humble ministry, you may be brought to reason, and that all things may yet be well."

"It is impossible."

"Say not so; all things are possible with God. By his help your body was miraculously saved from the depths of the sea; and by strange

and unlooked for means, you may now save your soul."

"It is impossible!" repeated Frank. "Do not urge me further; to attempt our union, I assure you, holy father, would cause her not less pain than it would cause me."

"It would, indeed, unless you were to renounce your unhappy errors; and I admire and honor her as a saint on earth for not allowing the carnal affections of the heart to overcome the strong faith in which I have brought her up from infancy. Neither do I respect you less, my son, for your disinterested though mistaken firmness. Strange! that two faiths, in some things so opposite, should produce the same result! And that two creatures, so young and so affectionate, should sacrifice all —even the possession of each other—to their religions! But I do not yet despair. To-morrow I will talk to you again on this matter. For the present, my son, farewell, and may God

enlighten your understanding, and soften your heart."

But Frank, knowing that the good priest's exhortations must be absolutely unavailing, and that further colloquies would only add to the embarrassment, determined, though still weak and not fitted for travel, to proceed immediately to St. Salvador. He wrote a note to Constanza, couched in the most respectful, but, at the same time, the most affectionate terms, hoping that he might be permitted to see her before he departed. But to this request, after some delay, she returned a polite but absolute denial. He then sought her father, and communicated to him his earnest desire to return to England, to attend to the lawsuit connected with his late father's estate.

The planter, to whom the priest, in the interim, had communicated the result of his conversation with Frank, received him gravely,

but without anger. He made no opposition to his departure, but, on the contrary, seemed rather pleased than otherwise to learn his determination. He was not aware of the depth of his daughter's attachment to his guest, and viewed the matter as an affair to be lamented certainly, but by no means irremediable, though he could not entirely conceal some slight exhibition of wounded pride at such a refusal from a friendless and fortuneless stranger. The invincible objection also of the heretic's religion had a strong effect in softening down the disappointment; and his respect for his daughter's religious scruples, and his admiration of her saint-like devotion to her faith, on which the holy father had warmly expatiated, was a still stronger reason for his regarding the sudden departure of his guest as the best mode of putting an end to an affair which it was not possible to bring to a satisfactory conclusion.

With the politeness of a Portuguese gentle-

man, therefore, and with the hospitality of a planter, he furnished his guest with all the means at his command, for making an easy journey to the capital; and by stealing some hours from the dark, Frank found himself, before the close of the night, in the town of St. Salvador. He remained three weeks at the capital before an opportunity occurred of the departure of a vessel for England. Through the agency of a merchant of the town, to whom he was introduced by the good priest, he drew on Mr. Fairplay for a small amount, sufficient to defray his expenses and carry him to London, making sure that that gentleman would possess ample funds to meet his draft.

During this time, he was twice visited by the priest, by whom he had been taken in great affection; and whose manner was so urgent on his second visit—the good man's entreaties amounting even to tears—that he could not help suspecting that he had become

informed, through the medium of the confessional, of the real state of the case. But while Frank was unbounded in his thanks and expressions of gratitude for the almost paternal interest which the amiable man took in his temporal as well as spiritual welfare, he remained firm in his determination to return to his own country.

The priest asked him for the means of communicating with him in England, and he gave him the address of Mr. Playfair, which the priest noted carefully down in a little book, and sorrowfully bade him farewell.

Frank embarked in a small merchant vessel; and when he had lost sight of the striking and picturesque churches of St. Antonio and Victoria, which are situate near the bar, and which form sea marks for the mariner, his thoughts began to turn more anxiously towards the land of his birth; and full of eager desire to behold her whose image he had cherished so dearly in

his heart, he counted the days and the hours till the vessel arrived in the Downs. As his baggage was light, he disembarked at Deal, and without delaying for a moment, travelled up to London.

CHAPTER XIII.

" And when the wandering exile—blessed with wealth,
Full of fond hopes, and soft remembrances
Of early scenes, remembered playmates, friends,
And all that makes life sweet—returns at last,
He finds all changed! Gray-haired old men
Scarce can recall his features! and the child
That used to prattle on his knee, is grown
To man's estate. A new race has risen,
Who know him not—regard him not! He sinks,
A solitary being, to his grave,
Glad to find refuge, in that resting-place,
From the cold world, where all is vanity!"

OLD PLAY.

His first care on the morning after his arrival was to call on Mr. Playfair, his solicitor, in the hopes of learning some favourable news of

the estate. He found that gentleman sitting in the same place, with precisely the same air, busily engaged in tying up papers with red tape, and endorsing them methodically according to their contents.

It is related, that this was the first and only occasion, in his whole lifetime, of that gentleman exhibiting any sensible emotion. He let fall the red tape and the papers from his hands, and, with a movement amounting almost to hastiness, took his spectacles from his nose, and wiping them on a little piece of leather, which had hung for the last thirty years suspended by a piece of packthread from the wall, he replaced them in rather an agitated manner, and turning them on his visitor, gazed at him with an astonished look.

"In the name of Heaven! where do you come from?"

"From Deal, in the good ship Amelia. We have had a capital passage."

"From Deal!—in the Amelia! But what has become of the Sunderland?"

"The Sunderland! has she not arrived long ago?"

"She has never been heard of since she left Rio Janeiro; she has been overdue at Lloyd's these many months, and set down as lost."

"Lost! Have you not, then, received my money?"

"We have never heard of her, nor from you, since your letter from New South Wales."

"You have not received my letters from St. Salvador?"

"No; we have had nothing from you, and we set you down as lost too. How have you come home without the Sunderland?"

Here was a terrible blow. Frank Coverley had depended on finding a sum of money at his disposal in Mr. Playfair's hands, and he suddenly found himself again in London

almost without a shilling. He was struck speechless from the astounding nature of the news, and it was some time before he could collect himself to speak; and the solicitor, to give him time to recover himself, turned round to collect the scattered papers which, in the first moment of beholding his unexpected visitor, he had dropped from his hands. He had twice gone over them to see that they were correct, and arranged according to date, before Frank commenced his narration.

He told him how the boat had been sent on shore for provisions, how it had upset, and how he had been saved from drowning by the slaves of the planter in whose house he had resided till he was strong enough to travel. "All this," he added, "I wrote to you, four months ago, from the Brazils, informing you, at the same time, that there were seven hundred pounds of mine in gold, besides other effects, on board the Sunderland,

of which I requested you to take possession."

"Seven hundred pounds!—that's a bad job. But I never received your letter. It would not have helped you, as it has turned out, if I had."

"Then those letters must have been lost."

"How were they sent?"

"By a private hand."

"Ah! then they may go all round the globe before they reach their destinations. Never send a letter by a private hand, it's the most unsafe hand that you can make use of; besides its being illegal, it is a great chance if they are not lost, or else the parties forget to send them till they are ashamed of it, and then they throw them behind the fire. I remember a case, Bilke *versus* Snaile: the plaintiff——"

But the worthy solicitor's case was cut short, by the entrance of a clerk.

"A letter, sir, from abroad."

"Here is one of your letters, at any rate," said he, handing the letter to Frank, who recognised it as the one he had written to Mr. Playfair, advising him of his draft from St. Salvador.

The clerk re-entered, and laid before his principal a thin piece of paper, partly in print, and partly in writing.

"Ill news travels apace," said the solicitor. "Here's your bill on me close on the heels of your letter of advice. I have always observed, that let what will fail, a bill of exchange is always sure to reach its destination. I really do believe that they travel through the air sometimes. It's a capital way to let friends know of your whereabouts in the most distant part of the world. However, this has come in the same ship with yourself. But what's to be done?"

Frank was thunderstruck. Here he was in

London almost without a shilling,and with a bill to pay, without any possible means of meeting it. The agitation of his looks gave evidence of his embarrassment.

"What answer?" asked the clerk.

"What answer? why, it's very unfortunate, but you must say — But — (catching a sight of Frank's countenance) — stay. What is the amount? fifty-five pounds four and fourpence. Well, upon my word, —it is strangely unfortunate! It's quite against my rules, but — saved from drowning in so strange a way! Well—well—say it will be paid. I will pay it. Make out the cheque, and put it to Mr. Coverley's account. It's quite against my rules; but then Mr. Coverley's life has been saved, it seems—quite against the rules—so it's a good example to follow, at any rate. There," he said, to Frank, as the clerk left the room, "you may dismiss that from your mind. You must pay

me when you can—I dare say you will be able some day—and that's enough. If you will call at twelve o'clock to-morrow, I shall have time to talk to you more about your affairs. At present, I must attend to a matter concerning an old friend of yours—Colonel Yelloley! I have a letter from Mrs. Yelloley this morning, saying that they will be in town in a few days."

"Mrs. Yelloley!"

"Mrs. Yelloley. Ah! I forget you have been away three years, and are not aware that the Colonel is married—to a daughter of Sir Matthew Carlton—a good family—a very clever lady—manages all his affairs, and very keen in matters of business. What have you done to offend her? You don't seem to be a favourite with Mrs. Yelloley."

"Have you happened to hear," asked Frank, "through Colonel Yelloley, of another old friend of mine—Mr. Lesley?"

"Mr. Lesley—Lesley? Let me see. Can that be the gentleman who died about six months back? The Colonel asked me to interfere about his affairs—but they came to nothing. He had a daughter, I think, had he not?"

"Dead!" exclaimed Frank—"Mr. Lesley dead!"

"Yes—but, dear me, I had no idea he was so intimate a friend of yours, or I would not have spoken of his death so abruptly."

"Do you know," asked Frank, in a faint voice, "what has become of his daughter?"

"Somewhere in Wales, I think. Let me see. Lesley—rê Lesley, where is her last letter? Oh! I see: it is not from her, but from a Mr. Hartwell. Yes; he speaks of her as being at—at—but you had better copy out the address; it is something all l's and w's, with some d's in the middle. There was some little property which he thought she had a

claim to; but I could make nothing of it. I fear she is not very well off, poor young lady, according to Mr. Hartwell's account."

Frank retired. His heart was too full to bear longer converse on such a subject. Mr. Lesley dead! And Clara? What had become of her? He resolved instantly to set off for Wales; but the loss of his little capital flashed across his mind, and he writhed as he walked along, to think how he was bound hand and foot from want of money. Not knowing where to go, and feeling himself alone amidst the bustling thousands who jostled him as he threaded his way along the Strand, he turned aside, and proceeded to the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane, with the intention of seeking his old lodging.

He found the little house, presenting precisely the same appearance; and the handle of the door was as polished as usual, standing out in bright relief from the old and dingy-looking

door. He applied himself to the bell, for the humble tenement did not bear the aristocratic privilege of a knocker, and a woman appeared, who, he saw at once, was not his former landlady.

"Ah! poor Mrs. Story!" said her successor; "somehow she couldn't keep her head up; what with rent and taxes, and outgoings, and lodgers falling off, and the place not being so fashionable as it was for single gentlemen—the great folks are all moving to the west, to Tottenham Court Road, and parts which some think more genteel than Gray's Inn Lane, though, for my part, I think the Lane more in the country, more rural and retired—"

"And pray," asked Frank, "does a French gentleman lodge here—a gentleman that was fond of dancing?"

"Oh, bless ye! he's been gone more than a year ago. My lodgers couldn't bear his ways by no means; and what with his fiddle and

what with his jumping,—for he was always a-twirling about and flying from one end of his room to the other—of course, respectable people couldn't put up with it; so he left, and where he's gone I don't know, but wherever he is I am sure he is a-dancing, for as to his ever sitting still, like respectable people, that he couldn't do; for——"

"Thank you—I will not trouble you further."

The changes which had taken place in the short time of three years, even in his former humble abode, made him conceive a disinclination to the neighbourhood. Striking off towards Westminster, he pursued his solitary way, not knowing well whither he was going or what was his object, and his thoughts completely absorbed in the contemplation of the death of Mr. Lesley and the condition of Clara; for he remembered that her aunt in Wales was aged, and that her small income was merely a

life annuity. Full of thought, and taking but little notice of the objects around him, he found himself at the foot of Westminster Bridge. He crossed it, and proceeded onwards towards Lambeth.

At the distance of about two miles from the bridge he felt himself tired; he stopped, and, looking about him, observed that he was opposite a neat-looking row of small houses, the cheerfulness of which pleased him. He inquired at one of them, at the window of which was suspended the intimation of 'lodgings to let,' and was near engaging a small room, when the recollection of his duty first to seek for Clara altered his determination; and leaving his card, and saying that he would most probably return in a few days, he hastily quitted the house, and returned to the inn at which he had put up on his arrival in London.

Sitting down in the coffee-room, he endeavoured to devise some means of travelling into

Wales. His whole stock of money did not amount to three pounds; that would not be sufficient for the journey. He thought he might go on foot; that would occupy much time, but it would save money. On further consideration, however, he rejected that plan. It then struck him that he might part with one of the few valuables which he had about his person when he was wrecked, and he wondered that he had not thought of that before. Among them was a gold chain of curious workmanship, which he had purchased at Delhi as a present for Clara. He could not sell that. Then there was his gold watch, which, though bruised and indented in its outer case, had not been essentially damaged by the sea water. He could do without that; and the chain was gold—that would sell for something. These, with one or two other trifles, he resolved to dispose of immediately, and without wasting time he set about it.

He looked into many watchmakers' and jewellers' windows as he walked on, but in all there was some one occupying the shop, and he did not like that any one should be present to observe his errand. But at last, getting vexed with being disappointed at so many, he resolved to stop at the next he came to, and finish the business.

He presently came to a shop at which was displayed a profusion of watches, chains, rings, mathematical and surgical instruments, guns, pistols, opera-glasses, spectacles, and, at the door, hats, umbrellas, women's dresses, and clothes of all sorts, altogether presenting a variety of merchandise, as if the dealer had taken curious pains to collect a specimen of every article that could be gathered together from all parts of the world. He thought that this was the very place for him to sell his articles at; so, without hesitation, he walked in.

The place was rather dark; but following the direction engraved in black letters on a frosted glass plate fixed at the top of a door, he pushed it open and entered. He found himself enclosed in a sort of box, making him invisible to all but the agents of the establishment, who were stationed on the opposite side of a long counter. He observed on the floor a most multifarious collection of goods—blankets, hats, books, clothes, a feather-bed, and an unaccountable number of flat-irons, which seemed to be in extraordinary request.

At these outward signs and tokens he at once perceived that he was in a pawnbroker's shop. He had never been in one before, and his face was crimsoned with shame as he stood penned up in the enclosure, waiting till it should please one of the money-lending functionaries to condescend to notice him. But as he was there, he thought it would be for

the best that he should have the opportunity of recovering his articles, although he might not obtain so much money for them as by a sale.

A person with a very smart air addressed him, in technical phraseology, "What is it?"

Frank drew out his watch, and, first detaching the seals from the chain, presented it.

"Marked," said the clerk, jerking his pen behind his ear, and examining the case, works, chain, and stamp, with professional rapidity. "It is marked!"

"Marked! What's that?"

"Don't know what marked is!" regarding Frank scrutinisingly. "See — somebody's initials on the case."

"They are my initials."

"Oh, they are your own! Well—what is it to be?"

"You will let me have as much as it is

worth, for I am in want of money for a pressing occasion."

"Ah, every one is in want of money now-a-days! But it's worth nothing but the gold; it's old fashioned—only fit for melting; and nobody wears these chains now. What do you want?"

"It's worth, I suppose, twenty guineas?"

"Twenty what? Twenty guineas! Why I would not lend the fourth part of such a sum."

"I assure you, the watch alone cost forty."

"Possible; but buying and selling's a different thing. Make it four."

"Do you mean that you will only advance four pounds on it?"

"Couldn't make it more. Say five pounds on the watch and chain."

"Only five pounds! Are they worth no more than that? The chain is the best gold."

"Well—we'll say five pound ten, and that's the utmost farthing I can lend on 'em. And I

would not do that, only as you seem to be a respectable gentleman I will stretch a point. There—say six pounds; but I shall never make my money of them. Well—is it to be? (To the clerk.) Make out a ticket for watch and chain, six pounds.—Anything else?"

He obtained four pounds more on some other articles which had been fortunately preserved, and with this sum he returned to his inn, and after discharging his account and requesting the people of the house, who were very civil, to take charge of his trunks, he repaired to the coach-office, and taking an outside place by the mail, was soon on his road to Wales.

CHAPTER XIV.

"'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed,'—
So Johnson wrote long since in other rhymes:—
But who shall paint the grief of those oppressed
With want of money in more modern times!
I mean the miseries of genteel starvation,
That weeps in secret, but in public mimes
The smile of cheerfulness! All other crimes
May be forgiven by this most virtuous nation—
But to be poor! That!—that is indeed damnation!"
LIFE. *A Poem.*

IN due time he arrived at a small village, on the further border of the county of Denbigh, and near the lower end of the celebrated Vale of Clwyd, within a few miles of the sea. As the village, which rejoiced in the name of Llwlwwlldlwlwd, was out of the main road, he

put his carpet bag over his shoulder, and took his way to the left.

He found it impossible to make the natives understand his pronunciation of the name of the village that he was seeking, and they were equally unintelligible to him; but he kept on his way, and at last came to a cluster of small cottages, which he conjectured must be the place he sought. Seeing an old dame, who was diligently perusing some book in Welsh, through an enormous pair of horn spectacles, he ventured to accost her, and inquired the name of the place in which he was. The old lady seemed surprised at such a question, and answered it by another.

"And pray, young gentleman, where do you come from, not to know the name of the prettiest village in all the county of Denbigh?"

"The plain fact is, that I am just arrived from abroad, and my business has led me to

this village," producing the leaf of his pocket-book on which he had copied the name.

"Eh! Well, this is the place, sure enough, only you have not spelled it right; you have left out some w's, which alters the pronunciation a little. And, pray, may I ask whom you may be looking for?"

"I wish to know the residence of a lady of the name of Lloyd—a very elderly lady."

"A sorrowful visit, young man," said the dame, taking off her spectacles, and assuming a serious air. "I hope you are no relation."

"No, but I have a deep interest——"

"Then I had better tell you at once. Mrs. Lloyd is no more! The good old lady died—it's now two months come next Saturday, for she died on a Saturday, but very comfortably, poor soul! and it was her full time, for she was more than seventy-five, and threescore and ten, as the scripture says, is the age of

man! The young lady closed her aunt's eyes, poor thing! and she was buried in a respectable manner—no show, but in a respectable manner, as a gentlewoman should be. There was——"

"It is the young lady," said Frank, his heart fluttering, and his face reddening, "that I wish to inquire about—I mean Miss Lesley; is she still in the village?"

"Oh, it was the young lady that you came to see, not the old one! Well, I thought it odd, as you were no relation. But I beg pardon. The young lady! After her aunt's death, she left us for London; but you may learn perhaps at the cottage up yonder; it's only a step, under the little hill, after you pass the long stone wall."

Frank repaired to the cottage, but he found it shut up, and all his inquiries after Miss Lesley proved fruitless, except that she had gone to London, which every one in the village seemed to have been aware of. He

walked over to the house of the officiating clergyman, who resided about five miles from the village, but he could gain no information there.

Disappointed and weary, he put up at a little house of entertainment, and renewed his inquiries the next morning, but without success. In the meantime, the news had spread abroad that a handsome young gentleman had come from foreign parts loaded with money, and who, true to his first love, had returned over the distant seas on purpose to seek out his betrothed, and to raise her from poverty to wealth and prosperity. This character, for which he was chiefly indebted to the old dame in the huge horn spectacles, made Frank an object of deep interest with the simple villagers, and he was looked on as a paragon of devoted attachment.

But all his researches were fruitless. After ascertaining, therefore, from the old dame, the

exact day and hour when the young lady had quitted the village, and having noted down the name of the coach, and the coachman and guard, with all which particulars the dame readily furnished him, as her memory was a perfect chronicle of all the events within the limited sphere of her observation, he quitted Wales, vexed and out of spirits. He returned to London, his thoughts occupied with all sorts of plans for discovering the abode of almost the only human being who was interested in his return to England, and for whom he felt his love increase in proportion to the obstacles which arose to their reunion, and the mystery with which she was now enshrouded.

In the meantime, Clara's thoughts were not less painfully occupied with hopes and fears respecting Frank. After her father's death, she had returned to her aunt's in Wales, hoping to find with her a temporary refuge until she could devise some means of employing her

talents as governess, to which necessity she was reduced, as her father left no property behind him beyond his scanty articles of furniture and his books. But her aunt's death, though it could hardly be unexpected at her advanced age, disappointed this plan, and she felt herself placed in a position of most painful embarrassment.

While she was considering what step to take, she observed, in a London newspaper, an advertisement for a governess, to which she replied, and receiving a favourable answer, she resolved to journey up to London. Fortunately, an elderly lady, a widow, who had been sojourning for some months past for her health at the sea side, heard of Miss Lesley's difficulty, and offered to give her the protection of her company to London. On their arrival in London, the widow lady resumed her lodgings in Lambeth, and it was to this house that Frank had accidentally applied be-

fore he started for Wales, and at which he had left his card.

Clara had the mortification to find that the lady from whom she had received the favourable reply which had drawn her to London, had in the interim made other arrangements; so that poor Clara found herself cast on the wide world of London without any certain means of subsistence, and trusting for protection to a lady in humble circumstances, with whom she had only recently become acquainted. But her amiable disposition and affectionate manners so endeared her to the widow, that she earnestly prayed Clara to remain with her. Clara gladly consented, on condition that the widow would allow her to exert her talents for drawing to support herself, which the widow's circumstances rendering necessary, it was on such terms that they resided together.

Clara had been aware, through the information of Colonel Yelloley, a short time previous

to her father's death, that Frank Coverley was expected home in the Sunderland; and she had carefully watched the public prints to learn the arrival of the wished-for ship. But the same prints communicated to her the fears which were entertained for that vessel's safety, and after the ship had been for many months overdue and unheard of, those fears seemed to be changed to certainty, and it was publicly considered that the unfortunate vessel had foundered at sea, as not a trace of her had been discovered.

To the grief of her father's death—of her aunt's expected but still painful demise—and to her own poverty and lonely desolation, poor Clara had now to add the heartrending conviction that he, for whom alone she lived, had perished by the foundering of the ship which was bearing him to England. She still lived; life was continued mechanically—she knew not why, and scarcely knew how—but she secretly

rejoiced that her declining health would probably soon release her from a world in which she had now neither pleasure nor interest. The strong principles of religious duty, and the habits of resignation with which her pious father had early embued her, alone prevented her from breaking out into the wildness of despair. But she bore her sufferings in silence, while the anxious and kind-hearted widow watched her fading eye and wasting form with the deepest anxiety.

"Why should I wish to live?" said Clara, to her tender friend—"what have I to live for? All that I loved — father—all—are buried in the grave. But he—my poor Frank! he has no grave! Even that consolation is denied me, for I cannot weep over his remains. His grave is the vast deep sea! Oh, why is there such misery in the world?"

"My dear girl," would say the widow, "all hope is not lost yet. There is no certain news

of the loss of the ship; it may have been driven out of its way by winds, or wrecked on some desolate island, and he may be now living. While there is life, love, there is hope."

"Oh, do not torture me with vain hopes! The ship is lost! It has never been heard of, nor has any news been received of any living creature or any atom that it contained."

"Go into the fresh air, my dear Miss Lesley, it will do you good; you were to take your last sketch to the printseller's to-day. Come, and I will go with you."

It was on that day that Frank had called at the house where they resided. They returned weary and sad, for the master of the shop was absent, and his assistant could not give Clara any reply on the subject of her sketch.

They entered the house; the widow went up-stairs to her apartment, and Clara passed into the little parlour of their landlady.

"A gentleman has been here," said the little talkative servant, glad to have the opportunity of saying something;—"such a nice gentleman, and he is after the room up-stairs, but he looks so sorrowful. And he has left his card on the table."

The landlady was out; but on her little round table of brightly polished mahogany, lay the card.

Clara took little interest in who came or who went; but the unusual object attracted her attention. She took it up, and for a while held it in her hand without regarding it, for what was it to her? At last she glanced at it with her sunken eyes, and she beheld the words—

"Mr. Francis Coverley."

A shriek so loud, so piercing, so thrilling in its frenzied wildness, burst from that little room, that the very passers-by stood still in fearful wonderment. The widow scrambled

down the stairs—the only maid tumbled up from the kitchen, terrified and breathless.

They beheld Miss Lesley stretched on the ground, motionless, her hair streaming from her shoulders—contrasting strangely in its brightness with her mourning dress—and with one hand clutching convulsively the card bearing the cherished name, which no effort of the women could wrench from her grasp.

In this state she was placed on her bed, and it was a long time before she recovered her consciousness. When she was sufficiently revived to speak, she asked faintly of the widow —"Is it a dream?"

"What is it, my sweet girl, that has affected you in this strange manner?"

"Look at this!"

"Mr. Francis Coverley—my dear love, this is some disease of the brain. Where did you get this card?"

"The maid said that it was left by a gen-

tleman this morning. Call her, my dear friend, call her up here !"

The little maid came, and Clara closely questioned her as to the height, countenance, age, hair, and appearance of the unknown. It all tallied—except the age. The maid said, " I can't say whether he was twenty, or thirty, or forty. He looked oldish, I thought, while he was a-talking to missus, but when he smiled on me, as I opened the door, and thanked me, he did not look more than five-and-twenty. But he was a very nice gentleman, only he looked so sorrowful."

" Was he dark or fair?"

" He was neither; when he had his hat on he looked dark—but when he took it off his forehead looked white."

The little maid who had dwelt for some time on the gentleman's amiable qualities, real or supposed, as she observed that the young lady listened to her description with visible satis-

faction, retired to the regions below, fully satisfied in her own mind, that there was some mystery attached to the strange gentleman. "Lor," said she, to the maid of the next door, to whom she hastened to unburthen her secret, "if it should be the young lady's sweetheart! to come here so promiscuous like, and find her out! It's as good as a story-book!"

But day after day passed by, and the stranger gentleman did not repeat his visit. Clara waited and watched, and trembled at every knock at the door, in a state of pitiable nervousness; but no Frank Coverley came; and the poor girl almost lost her senses in the painful excitement of continual hopes and fears. The friendly widow began to fear that her brain would become disordered from excess of suffering.

In the meantime, Frank had returned to London, and forgetting his former walk to the neighbourhood of Lambeth, hired a bedroom in Essex Street in the Strand, and endeavoured

to live with the strictest economy and frugality. Colonel Yelloley was somewhere on the Continent, Mr Playfair informed him, and was journeying home; when he last heard from Mrs. Yelloley, it was at Vienna; but, no doubt, they would be in London in a short time.

All his efforts to learn any tidings of Clara had been fruitless. Mr. Hartwell, to whom he wrote, had not heard from her since she had left Wales. Colonel Yelloley, who might have had some clue to her retreat, was abroad; and a letter which he had addressed to Miss Lesley, at the house of her deceased father, to take the chance of the post office, was returned to him, opened, with the usual notification from the secretary, that the party to whom it was addressed was not to be found.

To add to his embarrassments, he received a letter from Messrs. Huntham and Skinnom, demanding payment of the advance made to

him by those considerate gentlemen shortly after his father's death. By the intervention of Mr. Playfair, however, this matter was settled on Frank's renewing his note at twelve months' date, including the interest which had accrued. But the annoyance of this last occurrence was like the last ounce that breaks the camel's back; and it was the more painful, as he could not deny their apparent right to ask for the repayment of the money which they had advanced; but the humiliation of being in the power of such creditors was mortifying in the extreme.

Disappointed in all his hopes, he became absorbed in a profound melancholy. He scarcely stirred from his room. Without a single friend in the country, or even one familiar acquaintance among the thronging multitudes of London; unable to devise any plan by which he might honorably support himself,

he became abandoned to despair; and he exclaimed bitterly against the whole human race, which seemed to have deserted, in its selfishness, a suffering fellow.

"Had I any profession," said Frank, aloud, to himself, "I could have found at least the means of subsistence; or even any trade, or any calling, I could have done something. If I had been made a carpenter, I could have sawn a plank; or a shoemaker, I could have cobbled shoes. I could have earned, by my humble labour, my daily bread. But I am nothing; I can do nothing; and it seems am fit for nothing. Of what use is my education and my talents, if they cannot find employment? I am shut out from commerce with the human race, like an useless thing; with those below me I cannot mix, for I am not of them—we have not the same thoughts, nor the same habits, nor the same inclinations. With my own class I cannot mingle, for my

poverty shuts me out from all such society. Would to God that I had been anything but what I am—anything rather than doomed to suffer the horrible fate of a poor gentleman without a profession!"

END OF VOL. II.

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